

NOV 25 1942

# Rotarian

SEPTEMBER

**STEPHEN V. BENÉT**

Jim B. Benson  
Speaks His Mind

**MADAME CHIANG**

China: Democracy's  
First Front

**BERTRAND RUSSELL**

Freedom in a  
Time of Stress

**WALTER B. PITKIN**

Retailing NOT  
As Usual

**WHAT'S AHEAD FOR  
ENDOWED SCHOOLS?**

W. Sherwood Fox  
John W. Nason  
Herbert Schofield  
Robert M. Hutchins

Color Photo by Fred G. Korte

**1942**



Photo: Rotarian N. C. MacPhail

## THE ROTARIAN'S 1942 Photo Contest

44 Prizes—\$350 in Cash

In Seven Groups

Six of the groups will be for black-and-white pictures (which includes sepia, blue, or any single-tone and white) and the seventh will be for full-color transparencies or prints.

The six black-and-white divisions are as follows:

- |                              |                       |
|------------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Babies.                   | 4. Adults at play.    |
| 2. Children at play or work. | 5. Animals and birds. |
| 3. Adults at work.           | 6. Scenery.           |

In each of these six groups there will be seven prizes: a first prize of \$20, a second prize of \$10, and five honorable mentions of \$3 each.

In full color, all classes of subjects are eligible. Judging in this group will be chiefly on the basis of the possibilities of the picture for use as a cover of THE ROTARIAN. There will be two prizes: first prize of \$50 and second prize of \$30.

EVERY ENTRANT gets a year's membership in THE ROTARIAN'S CAMERA CLUB, free, and first-prize winners get Life Memberships.

**Contest Editor, THE ROTARIAN MAGAZINE**

**35 East Wacker Drive**

**Chicago, Illinois**

# Let It Go!

Send in your photo,  
it may win a prize!

### RULES TO REMEMBER

**T**HE COMPETITION is limited to Rotarians and their families (wives, and sons or daughters under 21 years of age). Employees of Rotary International are not eligible.

Contestants may submit as many prints and transparencies as they wish.

Each entry should plainly indicate: title, class entered, kind of camera and film used, and the name and address of the contestant. (If entrant is not a Rotarian, state relationship and the name of the Rotary Club of which the relative is a member.)

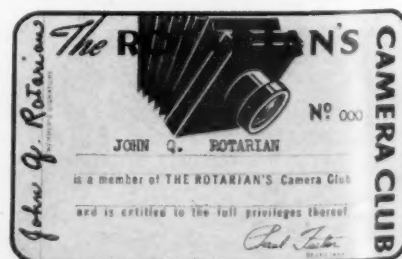
Entrants desiring to have their photos returned should accompany them with sufficient return postage. Prize-winning prints and transparencies will become the property of THE ROTARIAN Magazine, and may be used for reproduction whenever desired.

All possible care will be exercised in handling photos, but no responsibility will be assumed by THE ROTARIAN Magazine for loss or damage to prints or transparencies submitted.

Decisions of the judges, whose names will be announced later, will be final.

In case of a tie for one position, those tying will share evenly the prize for that position and the next following.

Entries must be received by THE ROTARIAN not later than November 1, 1942. An extension to December 1, 1942, will be allowed to contestants from outside the United States and Canada.





The Old Mission Bell  
over the arch and en-  
trance to Hermit's  
Rest on the south rim  
of the Grand Canyon.

## FIDELITY

THE bell—the true symbol of sound—its ring has stirred the hearts of men in victory and devotion—its tone rings true. The bell is to sound what the camera is to sight whose lens captivates the fleeting scene—a bird perched on a willow branch—a streamlined train roaring down a ribbon of steel.

To preserve each modulation of tone, each flick of detail, requires the perfect team work of craftsmen skilled in their selected branch. BARNES-CROSBY COMPANY prides itself on having such a combination. Whether in black and white or color you are sure of printing plates made to the exacting requirements of experienced production men in advertising.

*Barnes-Crosby Company*

ADVERTISING ART STUDIOS  
225 N. WABASH AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.

PHOTO ENGRAVINGS

COMMERCIAL PHOTOGRAPHERS  
TELEPHONE FRANKLIN 7601





Young people, and old people, too, are being trained to build ships: build ships now, build ships fast, build ships right. Reese Wolfe tells about America's huge ship-building schools on the job itself in your

# October ROTARIAN

Rotary Clubs—159 of them—sponsored Institutes of International Understanding last year. To show what happens, your magazine took pictures at a typical Institute in a Kentucky town. These will appear in your

# October ROTARIAN

Rotarians the world over treasure their Rotary fellowship. That is why many former Rotarians, driven from their homes by war and unable to become members in their lands of refuge, have formed "Rotary Overseas Fellowships" in London, New York, and other cities.

Read of these in your

# October ROTARIAN

### Comment on ROTARIAN Articles by ROTARIAN Readers



## No Such 'Shire'

*Points Out* ERNEST RECKITT, *Rotarian*  
*Certified Public Accountant*  
*Chicago, Illinois*

Generally speaking, I believe anybody would have to stay awake a long time to catch any error in THE ROTARIAN . . . but in the July number on page 19 [*Thumbs Up at Toronto!*] in describing Gracie Fields, "the Lancastershire comedienne," I would point out that there is no "shire" in England by that name, but there is "Lancashire," of which Lancaster is the capital city.

## Feed World to Keep Peace

Asserts PEDER LARSEN, *Rotarian*  
Owner, Pete's Food Market  
Centerville, South Dakota

I have read the article by Stuart Chase, *What's Ahead for Small Business in the U. S. A.?* [July ROTARIAN]. This is in my opinion a very interesting article, but I do not believe Mr. Chase has the real answer to our economic ills. For example, he states, "Government control at key points is the one workable means we have of making certain that our factories and farms are operating, our people employed. If we didn't know it before, the great depression of the 1930s showed us for all time the folly of trying to let things run themselves."

I believe that a certain amount of government control is necessary, but I do not believe that lack of government control was the largest contributing factor to our 1930 depression. I rather think it was because world trade was stalemated. And I believe further that unless we find some way of feeding the world after the war, ourselves and

the Western Hemisphere, we will not solve the problems, regardless of how much government control we have within our own country. Naturally, we cannot continue to export indefinitely without being paid in some form, and the only way we can be paid is in goods, materials, or services. Money is not wealth, only a token, and if we were to sell for cash, our trade would last only a comparatively short period because we would soon have all the money. Let there be no mistake about it—if we are going to live in peace and prosperity, we must be concerned about the welfare of other peoples as well. "Seek ye first the Kingdom of Heaven and all these things shall be added unto you."

## That WAS His Store

Writes HARWOOD ("JACK") FROST  
Rotarian (Retired)  
Former Machinery Manufacturer  
Chicago, Illinois

Strange what memories a picture in an old copy of our magazine can stir! A few days ago a tall Polish Army officer and his lady rang our doorbell and we recognized the handsome couple as the Karol Hereses of Warsaw [see cut]. This was, in a sense, a happy homecoming, for Lieutenant Herse, who is attached to a Polish Military Mission in Canada, had made his home with us on several occasions during earlier visits to Chicago.\*

During the wonderful chat we had together, I drew from my files a copy of

\* The Frost home is a large guest house on Chicago's North Side. Famous for its true home atmosphere, it was the subject of an extended pictorial feature in Life magazine for May 5, 1941.—EDITORS.





THE ROTARIAN for May, 1940, opened it to the article *My Escape from Poland*, by Jean de Jachimowicz, and spread it before the Herses.

What mixed feelings that article and the photos accompanying it aroused in them! They recognized the author at once as their own Warsaw physician and intimate friend, who is now in New York City. That was a pleasant surprise. The photos were another matter. There at the top of the page was a picture of Herse's House, Warsaw's finest department store, as it looked after the blitz of September, 1939. Just a heap of useless rubble. Herse's House was founded by Lieutenant Herse's uncle and father, and he himself had managed the store's rug factories. This was the first and only photograph the Herses had ever seen of their family's store after it had been bombed, for they had come to North America some years before when the Lieutenant joined the Polish Consular Service. They pored over that photograph for a long time in silence and with almost unbelieving eyes—though they had long known of the fine building's fate. They must have been reminded, too, of their once fine suburban estate, which also was completely demolished.

Some of the other photos that illustrated the article proved happier, for they pictured pastoral Poland and picturesque Warsaw as they once had been. Mrs. Herse, who, by the way, is a niece of the late Mrs. Ignace Paderewski, pointed out many a Warsaw landmark that was as familiar to her as your corner drugstore is to you. On an earlier visit to our home, Mrs. Herse's sister had accompanied the Herses. Shortly afterward she returned to Warsaw and has never been heard from since.

Many readers of this magazine will remember Jerzy Loth, of Warsaw, who was elected a Director of Rotary International at the Cleveland Convention in June, 1939. Lieutenant Herse knew him well—he studied geography under him many years ago, in fact—and knew most of the other Warsaw Rotarians, whose Club meetings he often attended.

What I thought would be only a brief note has become a long letter, but the circumstance I have related was so interesting to me that I thought it might be to others. May I take just a little more space to say that meeting fine people like these, whose homelands are under the cruel yoke of the invader, strengthens one's fighting faith. The world of free men cannot let good folks like these down—and it certainly is not going to, is it?

#### Re: *Fingers That See*

By ELISE MANNEL

San Francisco, California

I regret that the exhibitions mentioned in my article in the July ROTARIAN [*Fingers That See*] are no longer being shown in quite the manner which I described. However, the M. H. De Young Memorial Museum is willing to cooperate as explained in the following letter received from Dorothy Newman, of the Museum's educational department:

Unfortunately our educational director went to the Army [Continued on page 56]



KEY: (Am.) American Plan; (Eu.) European Plan; (RM) Rotary Meets; (S) Summer; (W) Winter.

### CANADA

A ROYAL WELCOME  
AWAITS YOU AT  
**CANADA'S  
ROYAL FAMILY OF HOTELS**

MONTREAL—Mount Royal Hotel  
Rotary meets Tuesday  
NIAGARA FALLS, Canada—General Brock  
Rotary meets Tuesday  
HAMILTON, Ont.—Royal Connaught  
Rotary meets Thursday  
WINDSOR, Ont.—Prince Edward  
Rotary meets Monday

DIRECTION VERNON G. CARY

### UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

ALABAMA  
BIRMINGHAM—TUTWILER. 500 rooms. Direction Dinkler Hotels. Excellent service. R. Burt Orndorff, Vice-Pres. & Mgr. Rates: Eu. \$2.50 up. RM Wednesday, 12:30.

ARIZONA  
TUCSON—PIONEER HOTEL. New, modern, 250 outside rooms. J. M. Procter, Manager. Rates: Summer, \$3-\$10; Winter, \$3-\$15. RM Wednesday, 12:15.

CALIFORNIA  
OAKLAND—HOTEL OAKLAND. On main traffic arteries. 500 outside rooms. H. B. Klingensmith, Mgr. Rates: Eu. \$3 up. RM Thursdays, 12:15.

SAN FRANCISCO—STEWART HOTEL. Down town on Geary St. above Union Square. Chas. A. Stewart, Prop. Rates, single with bath, from \$2.75. Excellent cuisine.

CONNECTICUT  
DANBURY—HOTEL GREEN. 120 Clean, Comfortable Rooms. Quality Food. Moderate Prices. F. C. Brown, Manager-Owner. RM Wed., 12:15.

### DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

**AIR CONDITIONED**  
**GUEST ROOMS**  
Rotary meets  
Wednesdays, 12:30  
**WILLARD HOTEL**  
H. P. Somerville, Managing Dir.  
**WASHINGTON, D.C.**

### FLORIDA

JACKSONVILLE—THE ROOSEVELT. Largest, finest, best located. Air-conditioned. Every room with tub and shower bath. Rates from \$2.50. Chas. B. Griner, Mgr.

MIAMI—ALHAMBRA HOTEL. 119 S. E. 2nd St. Modern high class family hotel catering to refined clientele, 2 blocks from downtown. W. Earle Spencer, Manager.

### GEORGIA

ATLANTA—ANSLEY HOTEL. 400 rooms of solid comfort in the downtown section. A Dinkler Hotel. L. L. Tucker, Jr., Res. Mgr. Rates: Eu. \$2.50 up. RM Monday, 12:30.

### ROTARIANS TRAVEL

They cover millions of miles each year—now chiefly for business and wartime activities. Some 175,000 of them are reached through this directory each month. They use good hotel accommodations. They buy good food. They have learned to look to this directory for the better hotels. Is your hotel listed? Rates are nominal. For further information write THE ROTARIAN, 35 E. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill.

### ILLINOIS

*Central to Everything*  
**COMFORT  
CUISINE  
CONVENIENCE**  
**PALMER HOUSE** **CHICAGO**  
EDWARD T. LAWLESS  
Vice President

### HOTEL SHERMAN CHICAGO

HEADQUARTERS—ROTARY CLUB OF CHICAGO

for over twenty-five years

Luncheon on Tuesday

### LOUISIANA

NEW ORLEANS—ST. CHARLES. Accommodations for 1,000 guests. Direction Dinkler Hotels. John J. O'Leary, Vice-Pres. & Mgr. Rates: Eu. \$3.00 up. RM Wed., 12:15.

### MASSACHUSETTS

SPRINGFIELD—HOTEL KIMBALL. Caters to Rotarians with friendly hospitality. Convenient location—Excellent service. \$3.85 single; \$6.05-\$6.60 double. RM Fri., 12:15.

### MISSOURI

ST. LOUIS—HOTEL LENOX. Newest downtown—22 floors of modern comfort. Air conditioned throughout. 2 restaurants and bar. Wm. F. Victor, Mgr. Rates: Eu. \$3.25 up.

ST. LOUIS—HOTEL MAYFAIR. 350 rooms—all with private bath—all air-conditioned—all noise-proofed—and all with radio. 3 restaurants, bar. Chas. Heisa, Mgr. Eu. \$3.25 up.

### NEW YORK

Overlooking New York's Only Private Park

### Hotel GRAMERCY PARK

Charles W. Schwefel Daily from \$3  
Manager

Lexington Avenue at 21st Street  
NEW YORK CITY—PRINCE GEORGE HOTEL, 14 East 28th St. (near Fifth Ave.). Rotarians receive special attention. 1000 rooms with bath from \$2.50. George H. Newton, Mgr.

### HOTEL ROOSEVELT

46th St. and Madison Ave.  
Bernam G. Hines, Managing Director  
Near to every place you  
want to go in New York

Attractive rooms with bath from \$4.50

DIRECT PASSAGEWAY TO GRAND CENTRAL

### NORTH CAROLINA

GREENSBORO—O. HENRY. 300 rooms. A modern hotel designed for comfort. Direction Dinkler Hotels. W. J. Black, Mgr. Rates: Eu. \$2.50 up.

### OHIO

CINCINNATI—HOTEL GIBSON. Cincinnati's largest, 1000 rooms—1000 baths. Restaurants and some guest rooms air-conditioned. Randall Davis, Gen. Mgr. RM Thurs., 12:15.

### PENNSYLVANIA

### BELLEVUE-STRATFORD

N PHILADELPHIA

Among the World's First  
Half Dozen Hotels

Headquarters: Rotary Club of Phila.  
Meetings held Wednesdays, 12:30

CLAUDE H. BENNETT, Gen. Mgr.

### TENNESSEE

MEMPHIS—HOTEL PEABODY. "The South's Finest—One of America's Best." 625 rooms with bath, downtown location, air-conditioned, RM Tues., 12:15.

### TEXAS

CORPUS CHRISTI—NUECES HOTEL. Excellent Cuisine. In Heart of Business District. Sensible Prices. J. E. Barwell, Manager. Eu. \$2.50 up.

### WISCONSIN

EAU CLAIRE—HOTEL EAU CLAIRE. Fireproof—160 Comfortable Rooms. Recommended by Duncan Hines. Larry W. Reynolds, President-Manager, RM Monday, 12:15.

## THIS NEW WOOD FILE WILL GIVE LONG AND DEPENDABLE SERVICE

★ The Defender wood file solves today's filing problems and will last a business lifetime. It is a dependable and economical war-time product that saves steel. Made of air-seasoned . . . properly kiln-dried hardwood . . . carefully selected to provide uniform good quality. Equipped with new progressive type wood suspension . . . fibre rollers permit drawers to glide easily and quietly.

Available in 2, 3 and 4 drawer letter and legal sizes . . . also with insert drawers for various filing combinations. Attractive quartered oak or imitation walnut and mahogany finishes. Consult the local Globe-Wernicke dealer or write to us for more information.



BUY WAR BONDS

**Globe-Wernicke**  
Cincinnati, Ohio

*"You have it all  
within the covers  
of this book"*

the complete story of  
the Toronto conven-  
tion—

all the inspiring addresses,  
word for word—

complete report of the  
council on legislation—  
verbatim record of all ple-  
nary sessions—

448 pages of interesting  
information about the 33rd  
annual convention of Ro-  
tary International

ORDER YOUR COPY NOW!

\$2.00 Postpaid

**ROTARY INTERNATIONAL**  
35 East Wacker Drive  
Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A.

## Ecuador—Museum of Colonial Art

NO OTHER country can boast such a variety of climate and geography as Ecuador. The Andes cross it from north to south, lifting the heart of the country to a high mountain plateau. The western slope sinks slowly to the Pacific Ocean coastal plain; the eastern scarp falls into the Amazon valleys.

In the high plains of the Andean region are found most of the Indians. In the highlands and coastal regions are the whites and mestizos. Ecuador's population of 3 million is about equally divided between the two groups. The Indians are agriculturally employed; the whites and mestizos are more engaged in commerce.

Ecuador's exports are chiefly agricultural—cacao, ivory nuts, rubber, coffee, kapok, cinchona bark (the source of quinine), fruits, and balsa wood. Some gold ore and precious stones and Panama hats make up the commercial products. Panama hats are really "Ecuador hats"! Because in the early days they were chiefly carried to the Panamanian isthmus for sale, they took the name of the market place instead of Ecuador.

Though the rubber supply is limited, and the cinchona bark also small in quantity, these two products are of great importance today to the American economy, as import of these from the Netherlands Indies has ceased.

About 600 miles off the coast lie the Galapagos Islands, which belong to Ecuador. These volcanic isles are a storehouse of animals, many of which ceased to exist elsewhere a geologic aeon ago. Because of the lack of water on most of the islands, there is only a small settlement there.

Ecuador was conquered by Pizarro, and became known as "the Presidency of Quito." Liberated by Bolivar's great general, Sucre, it became one of the constituent parts of "Great Colombia," but when this State crumbled, it became a Republic in 1830.

The constitution of Ecuador follows the usual plan of the American republics, with legislative, executive, and judiciary as the three branches. Foreigners have the same civil rights as citizens, and women have civil rights, including control of property.

Rotary entered Ecuador in 1927, when a Club was organized in Guayaquil. On August 1, 1942, there were 17 Clubs, with approximately 400 members.

REVISTA ROTARIA is an excellent aid to Spanish-language students. A year's subscription, in the Americas, is \$1.50.

NINGÚN otro país puede jactarse de una variedad climática y topográfica tan grande como la del Ecuador. Los

Andes lo cruzan de norte a sur, y elevan el interior del país a una altiplanicie. La vertiente occidental desciende lentamente hasta las llanuras de la costa del Pacífico; la oriental se hunde en los valles del Amazonas.

En las altas planicies de la región andina se encuentra la mayor parte de los indios. En la sierra y la costa habitan los blancos y los mestizos. La población del Ecuador, de 3

millones, está formada, más o menos en partes iguales, por los dos grupos. Los indios se dedican a la agricultura; los blancos y mestizos, al comercio.

Las exportaciones son principalmente de productos agrícolas—cacao, tagua, caucho, café, kápok, corteza de quina, frutas y palo de balsa. Minerales auríferos y piedras preciosas, así como sombreros de Panamá componen los productos industriales. Los sombreros de Panamá, en realidad son sombreros del Ecuador. Al principio se los llevaba a Panamá para su venta y tomaron el nombre del sitio en que se vendían, en lugar del nombre del Ecuador.

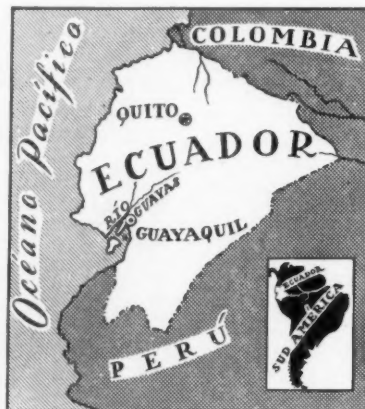
Aunque la producción de caucho es limitada, y también es pequeña la de corteza de quina, estos dos productos son hoy de gran importancia para la economía norteamericana, puesto que ya no vienen de las Indias Holandesas.

A unas 600 millas de la costa se encuentra el archipiélago de Galápagos, que pertenece al Ecuador. Estas islas volcánicas son un almacén de animales, muchos desaparecidos del resto del mundo hace una eternidad. Por la falta de agua en la mayoría de las islas, sólo hay en ellas un pequeño grupo de colonos.

Ecuador fué conquistado por Pizarro, y vino a ser la Presidencia de Quito. Emancipado por el gran General Sucre, de las fuerzas de Bolívar, fué parte de la Gran Colombia, pero cuando ésta se dividió, el Ecuador, en 1830, vino a ser una república.

La constitución del Ecuador sigue el plan acostumbrado en las repúblicas americanas de división del poder en tres ramas—ejecutiva, legislativa y judicial. Los extranjeros disfrutan de los mismos derechos civiles que los nacionales, y las mujeres tienen derechos civiles.

Rotary se estableció en el Ecuador en 1927, con la organización del Rotary Club de Guayaquil. El 1o. de agosto de 1942 había 17 clubes, con unos 400 miembros, en el país.



*Little Lessons on Latin America*

No. 9

# In This Issue

Volume XII

Number 3

SEPTEMBER, 1942



MEET the O. K. SHERWIN family—left to right: RUTH, MRS. SHERWIN, RAY, MR. SHERWIN, and BOB.

MRS. SHERWIN and DR. MAY REYNOLDS are the same person. When not rearing her adopted children or teaching her Vassar students the secrets of child culture or keeping her Wappingers Falls, New York, home, DR. SHERWIN is writing books or articles, usually on children.

In writing this article DR. SHERWIN has hoped that it may be a beacon for other older couples who may have thought of adopting older children, but who, for one reason or another, may have hesitated. *Our Adventure in Adoption* is a true story—real experiences and actual names.

JOEL ROCHA, of Monterrey, Mexico, is a prominent figure in manufacturing circles. He is one of the owners of a furniture factory as well as a chemical-production plant. Before he entered the commercial field, he served as a professor in normal and preparatory schools. He is a member of the Rotary Club of Monterrey, and has served his city as an alderman and as mayor.

Since 1896, books and articles have been flowing from the pen of BERTRAND RUSSELL, English philosopher and mathematician. He has ever been a "dissenter," his views often arousing controversy.

WALTER B. PITKIN's "Small Business on the Alert" series will, in all probability, be concluded next month with a discussion of trade associations, their problems and their promise. It will be based upon a questionnaire survey he has made of Rotarians interested in coöperative effort of businessmen.

—THE CHAIRMEN

## Speaking Up for Democracy

- Jim B. Benson Speaks His Mind..... Stephen Vincent Benét 8  
China: Democracy's First Front..... Madame Chiang ..... 15  
Freedom in a Time of Stress..... Bertrand Russell ..... 23  
Looking Ahead from New Zealand... Leslie Lipson ..... 28

## Symposium-of-the-Month

- What's Ahead for the  
Endowed School? ..... W. Sherwood Fox  
John W. Nason  
Herbert Schofield  
Robert M. Hutchins... 12

## Business Reports

- Business Is a Team Game..... Joel Rocha ..... 7  
Retailing NOT As Usual..... Walter B. Pitkin..... 10

## Health: Mind and Body

- Our Adventure in Adoption..... May Reynolds Sherwin 25  
Backward Children ..... Fred B. Barton..... 36  
The Bare Facts..... Dr. Lemuel P. Ereaux.. 42

## Rotary and War Activities

- Rays of HOPE for Rotarian  
Prisoners ..... Pictorial ..... 19  
Rescue by Rotary..... 22  
Rotary in Britain Is Vital..... T. D. Young..... 30  
Your Boys—in Uniform..... 41  
The Rotary Youth Training Corps... The Scratchpad Man.. 44

## About Words—Spoken or Written

- Down with the Deadly  
Preliminaries! ..... Charles M. Sheldon... 33  
Billy Phelps Speaking..... William Lyon Phelps.. 39

## Other Features and Departments

- Talking It Over* (readers write), 2;  
Ecuador—Museum of Colonial Art  
(No. 9 of Little Lessons on Latin  
America), 4; Rotarians in the News,  
6; Peeps at Things to Come (science  
in "shorts"), by D. H. Killeffer, 47;  
Rotary Reporter (about Clubs), 48;  
Soup Saves Their Day, 51; Scratch-  
paddings (personal notes), 52; For  
15 Years or More—Always Pres-  
ent!, 55; Opinion (from Rotarians),  
58; Hobbyhorse Hitching Post, 60;  
Stripped Gears (some funny busi-  
ness), 62; Last Page Comment, 64.

THE ROTARIAN Magazine is indexed in The Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature



Published monthly by Rotary International. President: FERNANDO CARBAJAL, Lima, Peru; Secretary: P. C. LOVEJOY, Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.; Treasurer: RUFUS F. CHAPIN, Chicago, Ill., U.S.A. Magazine Committee Members: STANLEY C. FORBES, Brantford, Ont., Canada (Chairman); RICHARD R. CURRIE, Johannesburg, South Africa; Manuel Galigarcia, Havana, Cuba; WINTHROP R. HOWARD, New York City, N. Y.; CHARLES L. WHEELER, San Francisco, California.

Subscription Rates: \$1.50 the year in U. S., Canada, and other countries, to which minimum postal rate applies; \$2.00 elsewhere; single copies 25c. REVISTA ROTARIA (Spanish edition), \$1.50.

As its official publication this magazine carries authoritative notices and articles on Rotary International. Otherwise, no responsibility is assumed for statements of authors. Any use of fictionalized names that correspond to names of actual persons is unintentional and is to be regarded as a coincidence. No responsibility is assumed for return of unsolicited manuscripts. THE ROTARIAN is registered in the United States Patent Office. The contents are copyrighted, 1942, by Rotary International. Entered as second-class matter Dec. 30, 1918, at the Post Office, Chicago, Ill.; act of March 3, 1879.

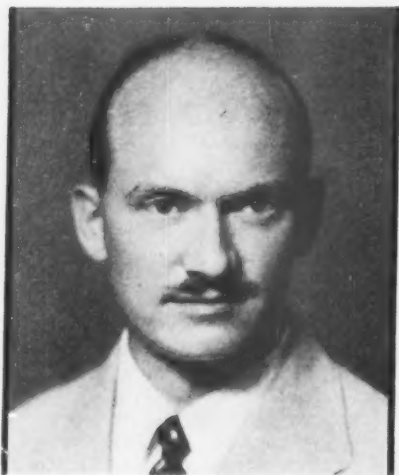
## THE Rotarian MAGAZINE

Editor: Leland D. Case

Business and Advertising Manager: Paul Teetor

Editorial, Business, and General Advertising Offices: 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago. Cable Address: Inter-otary, Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A. Southeastern Advertising Representative: S. G. Cox, 1209 La Mancha Ave., Coral Gables, Fla.; and 75-3rd St., N. W., Atlanta, Ga.





ROTARIAN Dr. Ralph B. Cloward, Honolulu, Hawaii, who saved the lives and brains of many soldiers and sailors at Pearl Harbor with new method of treating head wounds.

Photo: Bachrach



DAVID W. ARMSTRONG, Worcester, Mass., Rotarian for 27 years, now the executive director of Boys' Clubs of America, of which he is one of the founders.



NOW an honorary member of the Rotary Club of Panama City, Panama, the new President of the Republic of Panama, Ricardo Adolfo de la Guardia. This picture was taken when he welcomed Rotary International's 1941-42 President, Tom J. Davis, to his nation during the latter's flying visit to South and Central American countries.

FORMERLY an active member of the Rotary Club of Isafjörður, Iceland, Sigurgeir Sigurdsson (left) has been elected an honorary member on his departure for Reykjavik, the capital, on his elevation to be Bishop of Iceland. While pastor at Isafjörður, he was one of the founders of the Rotary Club there, the third to be chartered in Iceland.

THE RT. REV. J. J. Booth (right), newly elected Archbishop of Melbourne, Australia, where he is an active member of the Rotary Club. He is Past President of the Geelong, Australia, Rotary Club and was senior chaplain with the Australian Forces.



Photo: Kaiden Karsenian

HONORARY Rotarian Dr. Alexander Ruthven, Ann Arbor, Mich., president of the University of Michigan and the head of the National Association of State Universities.



EDITOR and Rotarian Jonathan Daniels, Raleigh, N. C., head of the volunteer participation branch of the Office of Civilian Defense, succeeding Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt.

# Business Is a Team Game

By **Joel Rocha**  
Rotarian, Monterrey, Mexico

*A Mexican manufacturer affirms his faith in labor and pleads for management that counts the human element.*

**M**ANY PEOPLE think of labor and management as two different social classes, two antagonistic forces. I refuse to accept this separation. True, it is possible to distinguish one from the other by their garb while they are at work, but once the hours of toil are over and the laborer has donned his street clothes, is there any difference?

As a representative of management, I affirm that labor is our partner. We are all fellow workers, with the single aim of enlarging our usefulness and our rewards from our business. Many of us who are "management" today were "labor" yesterday. Labor works *with* us, not *for* us. The first means coöperation; the latter means unjust exploitation.

We who are manufacturers think constantly about raw materials; we seek the lowest prices, the surest sources of supply. To keep machinery up-to-date, we take long trips in order to consult experts. We add new machines to produce the best possible product at the lowest cost. But what of the human factor? What have we done about it? If a new machine of which we are so proud, and for which we have paid some thousands of dollars, gets out of order, we hasten to repair it. If a spring breaks, we replace it. But what do we do for the man behind the machine when our indifference breaks his hidden spring of enthusiasm and stimulus for his work? Do we do anything to encourage him, to replace the broken part, to repair the damage?

When we fail to encourage him, we are profoundly remiss in our duty, for we are forgetting in the most tragic manner the most important factor in our own success: the human element.

While a member of our city's Arbitration and Adjustment Board, I learned that in every case where there was a conflict of

interest between the employer and employee, the fault was almost never on one side only. Both had contributed. But in some cases the employer alone was guilty of the injustice. Here are but three examples:

A man lost an eye while at work. His employer complied with the law—paid the expenses of doctor and hospital and half salary during the time lost. But when the man came back to work, he could not do his task as well as before. So after a short trial he was dismissed. It was all legal—but was it just?

Another man came before us looking like an animated skeleton. For 15 years he had been working in one plant, breathing arsenic fumes. Now, consumptive and worn out, he was discharged as useless. We were able to make the employer pay the legal compensation, but every one of us on the Arbitration Board felt regret that we were unable to do more to render justice.

Again, a group of workmen came before us saying that the situation at their factory was impossible because out of the many little incidents that arise daily in the regular routine the foreman had worked up a "grouch," so that the employees were actually working under unsanitary conditions. The Board's investigation established their plea as just.

If we look into the conditions under which men labor, we will find much to pity and more of which to be tolerant. Workers come humbly to the door and ask for jobs. A foreman instinctively selects a few who look like the best and puts them to work.

They are watched for a few days, perhaps a week. If they are slow or inept, out they go. The employer does not stop to study the peculiar ability of the newcomer. Should he do so, undoubtedly he could find a place for him.

But we employers are absorbed by business. Preoccupied with dozens of problems, we say to the man seeking work, "There's no place for you here," and close our factory doors to him.

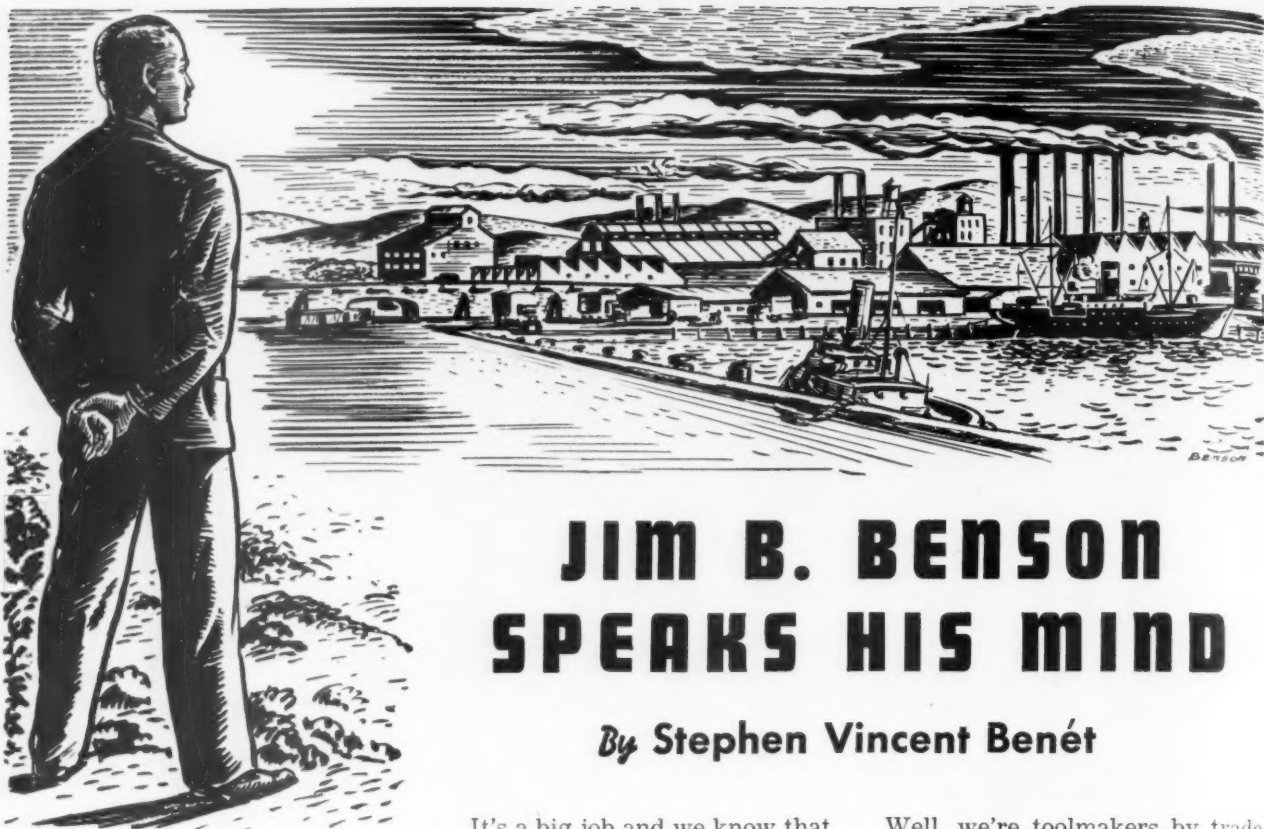
Yet for the employee with a regular position we do little more. Have we thought of how he must feel, glued to a single position behind a machine, day after day, month after month, year after year, always making the same motion, using the same muscles?

**W**E ALL have much to learn in order to direct workers intelligently. We of management know how to buy, how to sell, how to invent better machines, how to improve processes. We must equally consider our fitness to maintain the friendship and confidence of our fellow workers.

Each dispute, each strike, is another breakdown of our efficiency as managers, a failure of our efforts as co-workers with the men of our plants. Let us study these problems, which are of the greatest importance today and, guided by a full sense of justice, offer our own contribution toward making our factories not only efficient shops, but efficient partnerships, in which the worker is treated fairly, even generously.

The need for this must be apparent to thoughtful men in time of peace; it is vital when our national existence is in jeopardy.





# JIM B. BENSON SPEAKS HIS MIND

By Stephen Vincent Benét

I AM an American businessman—Jim B. Benson, of Benson and Company. I run one plant in one town in a place called the U.S.A. I'm 49 years old, three children and a dog. Been in the manufacturing business ever since I got out of the last war. Believe in it, too.

I'm a church member and a Rotarian and a lodge member. In politics I usually vote the straight ticket, though, once in a while, I'll split it for a good man. Sometimes Mrs. Benson says that's stubborn of me. Sometimes she says I'm broadminded. It all depends, I say.

I'm vice-president of the Chamber of Commerce in my town. I help run the Community Chest.

And there are thousands like me all over the country. Just the plain, ordinary businessmen who sit at table 24 at convention dinners and are out on the end of the row when they take the group photograph.

We—the businessmen—the manufacturers—the industrialists—the men who designed and put together the whole big plant of America—we're out to see our job through, come hell or high water.

It's a big job and we know that. But we make everything in the U.S.A. from electric toasters to suspension bridges. And, if we don't know how at first, we scratch around and find out.

We make gadgets and dofunnies and jiggers—and things that last. We're crazy about three-ton presses and automatic lighters, about cash registers that ring bells at you and cranes that pick up tons of steel. We're crazy about feeding stuff in at one end of an assembly line and having a car drive out on its own power at the other. We're crazy about jigs and dies and tools that make tools.

And that's why this war is up our alley. Because it's mechanized war.

We admit that you, there on the other side, got a head start. You were making machine guns while we were making washing machines. You were making tanks while we were making pleasure cars. We could have converted earlier and maybe we should have. But we were making peace while you were making war. Well, that changed at Pearl Harbor.

Now you've given American business the biggest order of its life. You've taken the everlasting lid off our production. You started fooling around with tools of death.

Well, we're toolmakers by trade. We've delivered a few samples already—but the real mass production's just starting on the way.

It's in the plants and on the freight cars and trucks. It's crossing the oceans in convoy. It's pouring from thousands of factories, all over America. The soldiers we send to fight are going to be as well equipped as American skill can manage. There are typefounders making tank guns, locomotive works making barbettes, tire companies making leakproof gas tanks. It's boiling in the converters and humming over the power lines.

There are plants a mile long that do nothing, night and day, but work at it. There are little shops that do nothing, night and day, but work at it. There's a fellow who used to make musical cigarette boxes. He's making airplane parts. There's a fellow who used to make children's slippers. He's making canvas saddlebags for the Army. There are General Motors and Ford, Allis-Chalmers and Bethlehem Steel, Gary and Hartford, Pittsburgh and Youngstown, River Rouge and Willow Run. There are hundreds of plants you never even heard of. But they're turning the stuff out, now.

Why? Well, there's just one

(Copyright and all rights reserved by Stephen Vincent Benét)



reason why. Our resources will beat the Axis. But if we don't hammer those resources into tools and planes and tanks in time, we might just as well be buried with our unused resources. If American business does not make a success of this job, it will never get the chance to fail at another. We've heard what the Nazis did to Thyssen, Hugenberg, and other businessmen. Labor unions were busted up first—and they thought that was fine. But then *they* were busted. And the only business that's running today is the gang's business. Well, that isn't the way we want it here.

Sure—some of us thought for a while that we could do business with totalitarians, but we don't think that any more. You can't do business with a firm that swears it'll do one thing one day and does just the opposite the next. You can't do business with a company that takes your goods on a cash basis and then pays you off in bum harmonicas. You can't do business with people whose whole idea of business is "Heads, I win. Tails, you lose."

Sure—we kick about a lot of things here in the U.S.A.: taxes and red tape and rules and regulations and government interference. We kick about questionnaires and the New Deal. We can kick—we're free men. Not one American businessman has been shot by our Government because he didn't like its policies.

And as for our business objectives—here's what one plant manager says:

"After a 94 percent excess profits tax and higher inventories, there won't be much gravy left for the stockholders. But that old whistle out there will still be calling men to work after this war is over. And that is more than some of Schicklgruber's whistles are doing right now."

I'm not painting a rosy picture. Things are tough and they're going to be tougher. Industries that can't convert will suffer badly. Many businesses will suffer badly. We'll all be regulated as we've never been regulated before. Some chisellers will make undue profits. And we'll all see many changes. But we built the big plant and we mean to keep it working.

To work and to plan and to do

something. To try new things and get them done. To get the cost down and the volume up so the ordinary man can have things that only the few could enjoy a little while ago. To make some kind of profit out of brains and skill and management. To get the world straightened out so people like the totalitarians won't keep gumming up the world's business.

That's our hope, for what it is. But, nowadays, we don't even try to put that hope into words. We just keep on driving.

We've got a good country and we believe in it. We've got a good way of life and we believe in that. We may not spout about it much, but, if we've got any sense, we know, deep down in our hearts, that whatever we've given this country, it's given us more. And we intend to pass on those gifts to our children.

No—we won't die in battle. We'll die of coronary and Bright's and the overwork diseases—maybe a few years earlier. Well, that's

value received, he paid it. He paid it by scratching around and getting things done that couldn't be done in less time than there was to do them. And, if there's a balance due—and there probably is—his son and his partners and the company will take over the rest of the debt and see it's paid in full.

They won't slacken and they won't tire. They won't rest and they won't fight about objectives. They'll keep the wheels humming and the drafting boards busy and the plant turning out the stuff till the iron-jawed Axis boys who thought Jim Benson was a sucker and a softy yell "Uncle."

For Jim Benson worked for money and he made plenty of mistakes. But when the pinch came, as the schoolbook says, he would not bow to tyrants. He got up on his hind feet instead and said, "Let's go!" He wore plus fours when they were fashionable and looked like hell in them—he was proud of his children and his elec-

THE AUTHOR is a Pennsylvania-born, Yale-trained son of a U. S. Army officer. Since 1915, when he was 17, he has been enriching belles-lettres with prose and verse deeply sympathetic to and understanding of what the American common man feels, thinks, and believes. His "John Brown's Body," it will be recalled, won the Pulitzer award as the most noteworthy volume of verse issued in 1928. . . . In Jim B. Benson, Mr. Benét has created a character who exists nowhere, yet is to be found everywhere in the United States these days. The accompanying article, revealing what is on Jim B. Benson's practical mind, is a special adaptation of a radio program prepared by Mr. Benét and presented under auspices of the Council for Democracy. The woodcut-style illustration is by Ben Albert Benson (no relation to Jim B.), the portrait by R. R. Epperly.



**Stephen Vincent Benét**

all right. If a plane lays a bomb on this plant and buries me under it—well, it was Jim Benson's plant and he lived and died Jim Benson, a free American.

He wasn't Henry Ford, but he did all right in his line. He kicked at his Government and he never broke 90 on the golf course, but they liked him pretty well in his town and he paid his bills on the first. And when he figured he owed the United States a debt for

tric razor—he liked to broil steaks on a special outdoor grill and he made a special sauce for them that gave Mrs. Benson the willies—he'd tell you at the drop of a hat about the speech he made at the convention. But he would not bow to tyrants and he worked his head off to lick them.

And that's all you need to know about Jim Benson. Except that, living or dead, he doesn't intend to be licked.

**D**EAR Mr. Merchant:  
Is *your* store one of the thousands that will be squeezed out, rubbed out, and plowed under? Maybe it is—and you can't do anything about it. But maybe it isn't. Maybe you won't have to fold up—not if you oil your brain and rub it down with elbow grease.

You can't get goods anymore? Well, before you draw down the shades and turn in the keys, how about that junk on those back shelves or down there in the basement? You've charged it off, so anything you get for it is clear profit.

One Rotarian correspondent writes about a village store that had a lot of half-forgotten muslin unloaded on it years ago by a supersalesman. It was sold, every yard of it, when advertised as usable for wall covering in home decoration. Maybe you've got something at which your customers once turned noses up, but which they'd gladly buy now—if you show them how to substitute it for something they no longer can get.

Another Rotarian tells of a dealer who dug into what he called his "chamber of horrors" and uncovered a case of old-fashioned kerosene lanterns. The air-raid precaution boys snapped them up.

Here comes another idea: a white-elephant bargain table. Set it right up there near the front door and heap it up with odd-lot items—sardines and button shoes, shopworn corsets and sadirons—all priced low. People still like bargains, and now's the time to clear out your cats and dogs. Come, kitty! Sic 'em, Rover!

Then give a thought to putting in new lines. Have you noticed how windows of certain chain tire stores now look like drugstores—featuring everything from baseball bats to Gladstone bags? Maybe there's something you could stock that will supplement what you're now selling. I know of a big business built on the idea of grocery stores selling utensils in which to cook and serve food, just as shops handling films also sell cameras in which to use them.

But a note of warning. Don't take on new goods just because you can get them. Be reasonably sure in advance they will sell. If not, you may end up with a miniature department store, unsatisfactory to your customers, annoying to established competitors, and a bad headache for yourself. Think twice before you get off your old beam.

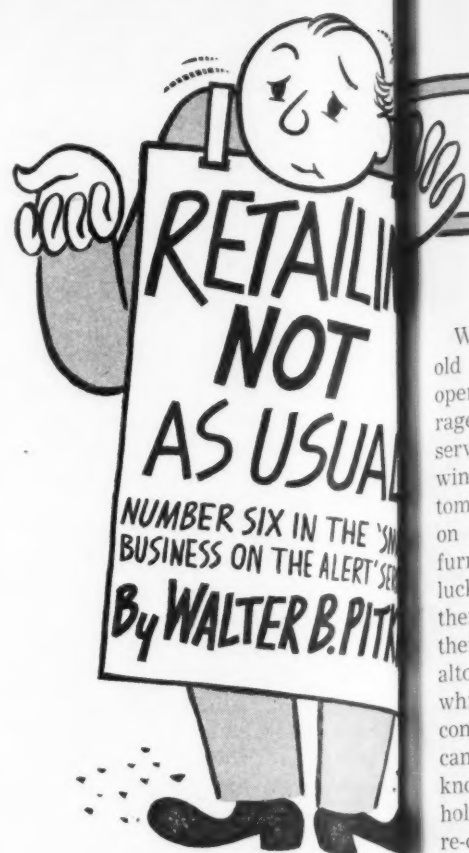
The trick is to find the opportunity the other fellow has missed. The war has changed the consumer complexion of many a community. What is it that soldiers or sailors flocking down your streets want that isn't readily available to them? Can you stock supplies needed by the workers who have set up a new community, there across the tracks?

Here's what I mean: A fraternity house on a West-coast university campus is filled this Summer with husky young intellectuals working as welders in a shipyard. I'll bet a banana split that Ye Olde Campus Haberdasherie where they used to buy tuxes and tails could be doing a neat little business if it had been smart enough to put in a line of coveralls and work shirts.

And here's a report from a Georgia Rotarian: "We were selling electric refrigerators, washers, and electric ranges. Now we've switched to vulcanizing and tire recapping for trucks and passenger cars. We have also installed a balancing machine to help our customers get more mileage from tires. All this work is *cash*—easy-to-get cash. I don't think we'll ever switch back to long-time selling of anything."

Hardware stores can pick up overlooked business and earn the gratitude of harassed consumers by buying and selling used tools, vacuum cleaners, motors, and such. I've learned through another Rotarian correspondent about one chap who is doing that and has developed so much business reconditioning and servicing such items he has had to add men to his payroll. He, I'm wagering, is going to remain in business indefinitely.

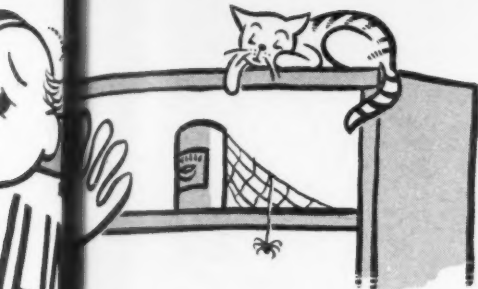
Mister Retailer, that leads me to a hot tip. Some morning when you come down to your store, imagine you're your customer. Spend the day looking at every-



thing you see with the eye of the apprehensive consumer. Do this, and you'll discover that in the business of making him happy, second only to supplying him with what he asks for, is the way he is treated.

Save his time. Why not a big "Sorry, Sir, but We're Out of These Items" sign right inside that front door. It will avoid lots of explanations and reduce annoyances. It's better still if you direct him to a competitor who can supply him with the desired article. Don't worry, your customer will be like bread on the water, and the chances are you won't have to wait many days. And the bread won't be soggy when it comes back, either.

I know a hardware man I won't soon forget. That Rotarian saved me money. I went in to buy a lawn mower. He had the mower and he could have had the sale if he had let me do all the talking. Instead, he advised me to have my old one repaired. His man did it, and the cost was a tenth of what I'd have paid for a new one. Naturally, when I'm buying things in his line, I now go to him first because I feel he is looking out for me as well as No. 1.



With new goods curtailed, the old stuff has got to do. That opens up a lot of little doors. Garages are featuring their repair services, and some of them are winning the hearts of lady customers by leaving no grease spots on the seats or the wheel. The furniture men have the hardest luck, they write me, but here and there a bright spot shows up in their letters. One chap has shifted altogether from selling things, which he can no longer get, and concentrates on *service*, which he can deliver especially well. He knows how to repair and to upholster. He also knows how to re-do interiors of automobiles. He is busy—and says that he'll never go back to long-term-credit selling again.

Maybe you have noticed, as have I, a tendency of some clerks in large department stores to be curt with a sort of "take it or leave it" attitude. Say a word, and all will be blamed on the war. Well, here's an opportunity for the little retailer. The smaller the store, the better the chance for developing that all-important personal contact that makes customers loyal, come what will. Often it simmers down to old-fashioned neighborliness.

Grocers in many communities have learned to make friends of farmers by pushing seasonal crops—tomatoes, for example—by featuring them in windows and in advertising. Farmers appreciate it. So do thrifty housewives.

Merchants do well to develop little stunts that tie them closer to their customers. I'm not thinking about premiums now, but out-of-the-ordinary sorts of thoughtfulness. Why not, for example, conduct an unofficial employment exchange? The farmer who has been selling you eggs has strawberries rotting on the vine. Widow Grass's 14-year-old boy is home from camp and is hankering

for something to do. Bring them together and all concerned are happy. If a few attempts of this sort work out, you might install a blackboard, with one half for jobs and the other for names and telephone numbers of folks who'd mow a lawn or mind a baby or run a tractor. Give this a fair trial.

Sure, deliveries are curtailed—but what's to prevent your walking a few blocks out of your way to deliver that loaf of bread Mrs. Nervusnely suddenly discovered at 5 P.M. she needs for her dinner party at 6? She'll never forget the favor—just as I'm keeping a certain California Rotarian in mind when I buy lumber. I needed some of certain specifications for an odd repair job. He didn't have it just then, but a few days later he supplied it. How? Well, he knew another dealer 100 miles away had some, so he had another fellow's truck pick it up.

That's service, gentlemen. It pays—and will continue to pay after the duration when competition tightens up again.

The lining of the cloud hanging

#### About SWPC

• It is the new Smaller War Plants Corporation, a 150-million-dollar corporation set up by WPB (War Production Board) to help finance small manufacturers in the United States in handling war contracts. These men direct it:

Chairman Louis E. Holland, Kansas City, Mo., Rotarian; president, Double Rotary Sprinkler Corp. and of the Holland Corp.

Albert M. Carter, director, First National Bank of Murphysboro, Ill.

James T. Howington, Louisville, Ky., Rotarian; Kentucky WPB field manager, former vice-president, Girdler Corp. of Louisville.

William S. Shipley, York, Pa., Rotarian; chairman, York Ice Machinery Corp.

Samuel A. Smith, of Boston; president, Commerce Strahan Co. of Chelsea, Mass.

over small retailers these days may not assay high in the sort of silver that jingles cash registers, but it has its bright spots nonetheless. The opportunity to sell cheerful service is one. The clearing up of the installment-buying mess is another.

"It's about time we got down to earth and stopped trying to keep up with the Joneses," a Ro-

tarian at Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada, writes me, and he goes on to say that "Many families in the past have had so many items 'on the go' on installments that the children have suffered through lack of proper food and clothing."

That's all changed now. And retailing will be the sounder after the war because of it.

And here's another bright speck in that cloud. Now when sales are slack is the time to get out that bunch of deadbeat accounts tucked away in the safe. Some work on them may bring in unexpected dollars from folks who are drawing good wages in a war-industry plant.

Palliatives? Sure. I'm not glossing over for a split second the fact that you retailers have a tough row until the war is over, and even then it won't be a bed of roses you have to hoe. But I do say, don't give up too easily. You don't want to be a public charge and the Government doesn't want you to be one. It's better to keep going if you can, even in low gear, keeping your morale and store intact, than it is to give up altogether and then have to start all over again later on. There are exceptions to that, of course, but in general it holds true.

Lots of merchants owning their own buildings will get along if they just hold down on overhead. One way is to rent some floor space to offices, especially war agencies, or to share it with a dealer in a noncompeting line. Temporary partitions are inexpensive—and customers will understand the change is for the duration only.

Some businesses are already gone. Filling stations, for example, have been dropping off these days like flies after a frost. But I've got a report on one that's helping solve the housing shortage in a small way—and returning a rental that's keeping taxes paid up and the owner out of bankruptcy. Floors were swabbed with lye, walls were splashed with paint and calomine, and now a war worker's family is living in it quite happily. Of course, toilet facilities don't include a bath tub, but it's quite possible to rear healthy youngsters without one I remember well.



## Federation Helped Us

Says W. Sherwood Fox

President, University of Western Ontario, London, Canada

**T**HERE are several ways of replying to our question. One is to tell how some endowed colleges have succeeded in escaping disaster in the past. I select only one such instance, and that is the one I know best, the university over which I now preside.

In 1908, Western University (as it was then known), a university on a church foundation, found itself on the verge of extinction. Its income from endowments



FOX . . . American-born president and vice-chancellor of the University of Western Ontario since 1927. . . . Was educated in Canada, Switzerland, and United States. . . . Has contributed articles to literary and archaeological journals. . . . Rotarian at London, Ont.

and subscriptions, never too large at any time, had shrunk dangerously close to the vanishing point. The sponsoring church had reached the maximum of its support. But the thought of closing the University's doors filled many hearts with dismay, since it would mean that the young people

of the great peninsula of southwestern Ontario would be without a regional institution of higher studies.

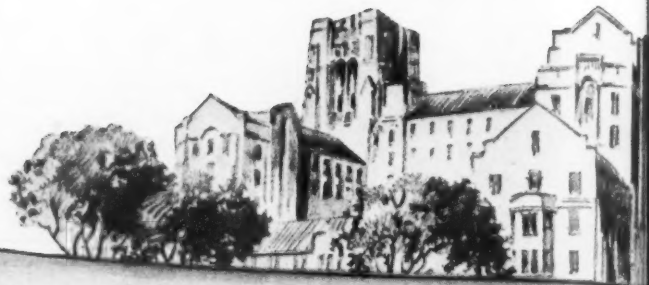
Realization of the fact that the University served a great region rather than a single city warranted an appeal to the treasury of the Province of Ontario. For such a step there was a striking precedent in that another regional university of the Province was already receiving provincial grants. Since London itself was loath to lose the University, there was also good reason to appeal to the municipality to contribute a generous measure of support. Both appeals were successfully made.

The Legislature of the Province granted the University a new charter, which established it as the sole institution of the 14 counties of western Ontario empowered to grant academic degrees. Independent colleges, however, both existing and potential, were not suppressed. Through the new charter they were allowed to enter

the University through affiliation, on the condition that they meet all the standards set up by the University in regard to equipment and staff. The constituent faculties of the University proper and the affiliated denominational colleges were coördinated by means of a common senate, designed to fix and maintain educational standards. There are now in the University three faculties—arts, medicine, and public health—five affiliated denominational arts colleges, one affiliated college of divinity, and one school of music. Some of these are in London and others are elsewhere in the peninsula.

The income of the University proper is now derived from four main sources: provincial grant, civic grant, endowments, and students' fees. Each affiliated college collects fees from its own students and out of this pays to the central University office a certain fixed annual registration fee per student. Affiliated college students may take courses in the University faculties, and, conversely, University students may take courses in the colleges, payment being made according to a reciprocal schedule of fees. This makes for economy.

The board of governors is now constituted to represent the supporting bodies and the region served: four members appointed by the Province, four appointed by the city of London, four co-opted by the foregoing eight, four ex-officio members, including the chancellor and the president.



# What's Ahead for the

Symposium

I make only two comments. The dire predictions made at the time of reorganization that the advent of Government grants would kill private benefactions are so far from being fulfilled that the croaking prophets now look worse than silly. The application of the principle of federation of faculties and colleges has been most successful in the case of the University of Western Ontario.

## Lean Years Are Ahead

Says John W. Nason

President, Swarthmore College

**W**HAT'S AHEAD for the endowed college? Retrenchment, growth, stability. The retrenchment will be considerable. The growth should be fairly rapid. Stability for education will depend upon the maintenance of peace and order throughout the world. Like all prophecy, these are but guesses.

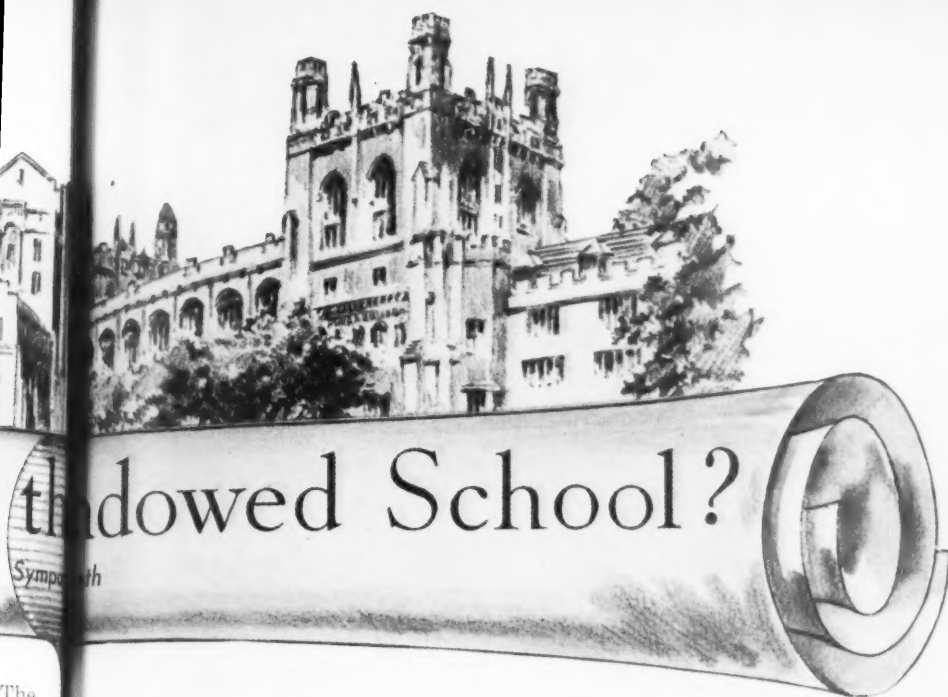
Photo-Crofters



NASON . . . Became Swarthmore College president in 1940 at 35. Received B.A. degree from Carlton (Minn.) College in 1926, studied as Rhodes Scholar at Oxford, England, in 1931. . . . Is author of philosophic articles and reviews. . . . Rotarian, Swarthmore, Pa.

There are two reasons why private education is facing lean years.

They both arise out of war, which breeds attitudes and needs inimical to the quiet, peaceful and long-range pursuits of education. The less serious factor—at least it is less serious at the moment—is



# The Endowed School?

Symposium

the dwindling rate of return on the endowment of the private college. The larger the endowment per student, the more the investment situation hurts. True, some colleges still enjoy rates of return that make financial organizations green with envy. But the days of 6 percent return are gone—few colleges can still boast of 4 percent. When a third to a half of the cost of each student's education is met out of endowment income, it makes a difference.

The more serious factor is the loss of students. A draft for military purposes at 20 affects most of the men in the last two years of college. A reduction to 18 will affect all male students. Even the 17-year-olds will hesitate to start on a college course so shortly to be interrupted. The picture is not all black, however. Both the Army and the Navy are using the colleges and universities as training grounds and selective devices. The various Navy programs and the Army Enlisted Reserve Corps are methods of using college facilities for getting the right kind of men into the right places. In a technical war the technical training which colleges can provide is at a premium. While these considerations will prevent the closing of many colleges, they will not lead to a normal enrollment nor to a normal program.

The lean years of the war should be followed by a period of growth. Much will depend upon the length of the war and the de-

gree of economic exhaustion at its end. If the war ends in two to three years, and ends successfully for the United Nations, there may be a temporary period of prosperity as the long-starved consumer needs are met. At least there are economists and statesmen who are saying that we can have a better and more prosperous world after the war is over if we will combine enough goodwill with our knowledge to make it so.

There will be not less but more education in that post-war world. A greater proportion of it will be publicly supported than ever before. The privately endowed college will face greater competition. But as public funds are poured into State and municipal universities, there will be those concerned with the maintenance of private institutions of higher learning. Corporations will endow research institutes under university control. Individuals will seek the greater glory of their alma mater. There will be more of them giving individually less, but the total may make significant development possible.

This is speculation. I am aware of all the "ifs." What encourages me in my hopefulness is the double knowledge that private education has weathered other crises in the past when there were many to lament that all was lost, and that it has survived because it had a contribution to make to the community and to the nation.

After recovery and growth, let

us hope for stability. Out of the ordeal of war, privately endowed education may learn much of value. From the competition of publicly supported institutions it can gain new strength. The test of any institution is the degree to which it contributes to the community of which it is a part. This is as true of private education as of public; indeed, paradoxically enough, it is more true. There will be much searching of hearts among colleges and universities, much reconsideration of their rôle and function.

The historic function in the United States of the privately endowed college has been to set standards and to explore new educational paths. The need for both will be not less but greater in the years to come. If the private colleges fulfill this need, the stability that comes from a recognition of value and usefulness will be assured.

## The Problem in Britain

By Herbert Schofield, M.B.E.

Principal, Loughborough College  
Loughborough, England

IT WOULD BE literally correct to say that education, and particularly higher education, was never more prominently under discussion in England than it is at present. The changing conditions in the whole of our social and economic life are causing members of the community anxiously to discuss the future of the world that lies ahead. We must all realize that, to



SCHOFIELD . . . Distinguished English educator and scientist. Received Ph.D. degree from U. of London. Is principal of Loughborough College and author of engineering works. . . . Is Past President of Rotary International in Great Britain and Ireland.

a very large extent, the old order cannot return. The catastrophic upheaval we are now living through introduces new standards of expenditure and makes possible schemes which would have been regarded as quite out of the question in days of peace.

Education has always been a highly debatable subject, higher education being eagerly sought by

many sections of youth as the only method of emergence from the life lived by their parents to one of fuller participation in national affairs. In the past, education has been sparingly aided from national funds controlled by those either already in the educated group or in comfortable financial circumstances who doubted the wisdom of throwing open the gates to all, lest the privileged position they themselves held might no longer be reserved for those who had enjoyed a college training. Few would be prepared to support the latter statement from a public platform, yet it has undoubtedly proved a great factor in deciding Government policy in the amount of help given by the State to colleges and universities.

Amongst the many changes that it is hoped will emerge from a victory of the democracies is the universal recognition of the value to the individual citizen of the widest possible educational training as the only true method of making available the fullness of life in all its aspects. It is now quite common to hear of the "broad ladder from the elementary school to the university." For many years a ladder has existed, but its width became progressively smaller as it approached the higher ranges of educational opportunity and training. A democracy, to function effectively, requires an educated electorate, and if the opportunities of the colleges and universities are to be opened to all who have the mental capacity to profit by their training, it must follow that such training cannot be regarded only as a means of obtaining controlling positions in the professions, industry, and commerce, but must provide the ability to enjoy the treasures of knowledge by many who will continue to occupy quite ordinary positions.

Once this different orientation of thought has taken place, an entirely new situation will arise. The colleges must make themselves aware of social tendencies, and seek to understand, guide, and serve them. There will be less insistence upon the single subject and more attention to planning the career of the student as a whole, with the single sub-

jects having organic relation one to another. The colleges must minister far more extensively than they have in the past to the needs of adult education.

It would clearly be absurd to suggest the abolition of vocational college courses. The professions must be supplied with trained personnel, without which supply they would be unable effectively to carry on their work. Basic and applied research must proceed for the benefit alike of industry, commerce, and medical science, but if, as is now proposed, all education above the age of 11 shall be made secondary and all young persons shall continue their education on a part-time basis up to age 18, it should follow as a natural corollary that the opportunities for full-time study in the colleges and universities should be enormously increased. There is evidence that such opportunities will be made financially possible: post-war planning in every direction is on the agenda of almost every society. One day's expenditure on the war would give an annual income to colleges which would make it possible for them to open their doors to vast numbers capable of profiting by instruction.

If we are agreed that a citizen by right of his citizenship can claim that he should be suitably housed, that he should be provided with employment, and that the

hours of such employment should not be excessive, then surely it is not an unreasonable request to ask that the members of the younger generation should be trained so that they have the ability to enjoy the leisure provided for them in the surroundings worthy of a cultured democracy.

We visualize, therefore, a greatly extended provision of full-time college education, a great extension of the scholarship system, a better distribution of colleges within every region, independent for their foundation on the patriotism of a particular community or the philanthropy of a generous citizen, but planned to serve a region and planned to cover the whole requirements of that region in art, science, technology, literature, law, medicine, and all aspects of education. This will inevitably mean national planning; it will certainly entail redistribution of existing facilities. It will mean an attack on existing vested interests, which in some cases will be violently resisted. It may mean the abandonment of ancient and valuable traditions, but it will certainly result in every citizen having a fair chance to develop the latent possibilities of his or her personality, and the State, as a whole, will be the richer, and the Government will then be the Government chosen by an educated and thoughtful democracy.



Carrington

## Schools Must Prove Right to Be Supported

**Says Robert Maynard Hutchins**

*President of the University of Chicago*

Became fifth president of University of Chicago in 1929 at age 30, after three years as dean of Yale's Law School. A New Yorker by birth, he attended Oberlin, left to enter ambulance service in World War I.

**T**HE future of private colleges and universities would be brighter if these institutions had an absolutely clear case for survival.

In earlier years private colleges were established and flourished largely because there were no adequate public institutions of higher learning. More recently the private institutions have justified their existence by giving leadership to the system of public education.

I believe they can make themselves indispensable for the fu-

ture if they place ever-greater emphasis on the second of these two functions. They will succeed and maintain themselves only if they think with greater clarity and act with greater courage than the public colleges and universities.

It is inevitable and proper that State-supported institutions should do the mass job in higher education—and probably in research as well. The most striking fact of recent educational history has been the rise of State-supported colleges [Continued on page 56]



# CHINA: Democracy's First Front

AN ANCIENT legend of China tells that the Yellow River rises in far-distant Sinkiang and sinks into the earth when it reaches the mysterious Lake Lobnor. After flowing through unknown subterranean channels it reappears as the mighty Yellow River, which sweeps through North China to the ocean.

During the fourth decade of the 11th Century, the fierce Tanguts overran the Northwestern part of China. Near Tun-huang was a Buddhist monastery with a library of great value. The Tanguts had no respect for learning or the written word, but the Buddhist monks were content to die if they might preserve the learning of their times for future generations. So a small cell was carved in the rock of the caverns of "The Caves of the Thousand Buddhas" and the libraries of the school were hidden in it, bricked up, and plastered over, to hide the place. All the monks must have died with this secret well kept, for the library was not found until 1900. Then there came to light documents written between A.D. 406 and 1037, books written not only in Chinese, but also in Tibetan, Sanskrit, Persian, Turkish, and even Hebrew!

For many centuries we Chinese have incorporated the pure democratic principle of merit in our public life. Those who successfully passed the test of provincial and national examinations, irrespective of birth or wealth, were given the highest posts in states-

manship and in scholarship. Even racial and religious differences were for long periods no bar to our adherence to democratic principles. The most responsible positions were always open not only to Chinese, but to neighboring races—Persians, Turks, Hindus, and others. This was democracy carried to its logical conclusion.

The flowing stream of democracy and the waters of the Yellow River—"the river," our people call it—weave an allegory of our own time.

We Chinese have not changed, but the democracy toward which we have been struggling is a modern democracy. Because of the older democracy, we have been able to fight on undismayed. We have always known that we must either perish in a world in which all democracy perishes or survive in a world in which democracy has unrestrained opportunity to prevail in every corner of the globe.

Running true to form, we in China are preparing for peace while the Occidental nations have prepared for war. It is said that the Chinese always do things contrary to the Occidental habit of mind and custom. We read a book backward; we write a line downward, vertically instead of horizontally, starting on the right side and ending on the left side of the paper; we shake hands with ourselves; and so on.

So why should we not prepare for peace when other nations are arming themselves cap-a-pie for war? We want peace, and we

need it; but it must not be peace at any price. It will have to be a peace with honor. If it is not, then is the world in a grievous situation, for it will mean that brute force and barbarism have signally triumphed over civilization—for we will be in ruins and *ipso facto* all we fought for and stood for will be in ruins. That "all" embraces civilization.

While we are fighting, however, we are looking ahead, because we are unafraid. In our classics the wisdom of such a policy is applauded. Confucius once said to an inquirer: "If a man takes no thought about what is distant, he will find sorrow near at hand." We are trying to avoid the sorrow



By  
Madame  
Chiang  
Kai-shek

Madame Chiang Kai-shek is, as all the world knows, the wife of the Generalissimo of the Chinese Republic. She is a member of the famous Soong family which has given China so many leaders; her brother T. V. is the new Minister of Foreign Affairs; her sisters are Mme. Sun Yat Sen, widow of the great founder of the Republic, and Mme. Kung, wife of China's Finance Minister.

Mme. Chiang was educated in the United States at Wesleyan (Georgia) and Wellesley, and her speech still is flavored with the soft accent of the

deep South. She has been one of the most active workers for reforms that have brought new life to China. This article is especially prepared from her frequently reiterated pleas for education of the Chinese masses and for an extension of the democratic way of life. The emancipation of women, the care of orphans and victims of war, and industrial coöperatives are often themes of her public speeches, not a few of which are carried around the world by short wave and rebroadcast to always interested listeners.

Photo: Trans-Pacific



Photos: Acme; Trans-Pacific

MADAME CHIANG (above, at right) and her assistants in the women's department of the New Life Movement inspect ruins left at Chungking by an air raid. . . . Circle: China's First Lady calls the roll of students at a Chungking "university in exile."

which usually characterizes the aftermath of war. We will be faced with more poignant grief and suffering than usually overtake countries that have been burned out by war, but we are trying to meet them by preparing now. We are systematizing contacts for the lost ones, especially children; working out the problem of locating survivors and then locating their lands; planning for relief of or employment in the work of rehabilitation. We hope that we will have an effective organization completed to avoid calamities attendant upon the demoralization of millions of homeless and impoverished people.

We are working hard to solve that problem.

We hope, too, that we will be able to invoke the help of that age-old system of ours that has hitherto kept our people together in the worst of political upheavals—the clan organization and the patri-

archal family system. "China has," as H. P. Wilkinson writes in his *The Family in Classical China*, "what is generally admitted to be the oldest existing, living, civilization—a state of human society where the tiller of the fields lives with little, if any, change in the same way and in the same relation to his family, his clan, his neighbors, friendly or hostile, as his ancestors did when they first settled on the upper waters of the Yellow River . . . to the banks of which his forefathers brought with them the framework of a social system bearing the stamp of what may have been the earliest form of human association."

It is all this that we are fighting



for, in order to continue with its reform, its elevation, and its advancement. Because of this great heritage of ours, we are not proposing to ask for peace as a Pekingese poodle sits on its haunches and begs for food. We want peace, as I have said, but we want honor more. That and justice are our due.

The problem of how to inspire the people suggested to us the necessity of providing something spiritual as well as practical to give them a new hold on life and a desire to live and prosper. We recalled the old virtues which were part of the foundation of the greatness of ancient China, and realized that though these seemed to have been lost through recent centuries, some of them could, if

revived, make the people all the better for it. There were the four old virtues of *Li*, *I*, *Lien*, and *Ch'ih* which embody the essential principles for the promotion of morality. As *Li* may be interpreted as "a regulated attitude of mind and heart"; as *I* means "proper conduct"; as *Lien* connotes "what is right and what is wrong"; and as *Ch'ih* means "conscientiousness," it was thought that observance of them could well form the basis of a new movement for the elevation of the mind of the people, and provide them with the stimulus or incentive to work toward not only their own betterment, but also that of their fellow-men.

Thus the Yellow River of our ancient past, sunk into the desert of the ages, reappeared to form the New Life Movement, forged to make of the people better citizens and more contented men and women. The Movement was inaugurated with the idea of being used in Kiangsi Province, but as soon as the newspapers began to explain its aims, it spread rapidly throughout the whole country.

Eventually and inevitably, the New Life Movement found itself closely coöperating with the Chinese Christian churches, the foreign-missionary body, and modern cultural institutions, both governmental and private. Over a long period of years, quietly and efficiently, these cultural groups have been educating and training thousands of our men and women in the arts and sciences and crafts of the Western world.

So intent are the invaders upon the calculated destruction of China that not only are the people being wiped out, but every factory and every school that can be reached is being demolished. But although our schools and institutions of higher learning lay chiefly within the seacoast area first occupied, no less than 77 of the universities packed up—students, professors, and much of the equipment—and migrated to the Western Provinces.

By the standards of the Eastern portion of our country, the West is

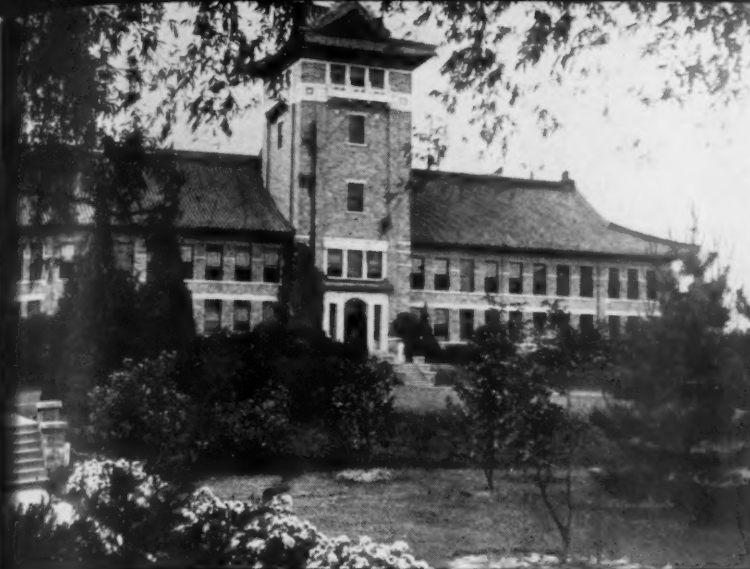


all the  
e four  
. and  
ential  
on of  
inter-  
ude of  
means  
con-  
hat is  
"con-  
that  
well  
ment  
of the  
h the  
k to-  
etter-  
ollow.

our  
esert  
form  
ment,  
the  
zens  
men  
ove-  
ated  
eing  
rov-  
the  
ex-  
read  
the

evi-  
i fe  
self  
with  
hes,  
and  
both  
ver  
and  
ups  
ing  
men  
fts

on  
of  
eo-  
ac-  
be  
but  
tu-  
fly  
oc-  
ni-  
ts,  
p-  
st-  
rn  
is



Photos this page: China Colleges

unbelievably backward in every way of life. And the students of the universities were, if anything, members of the more "pampered" group. The impact of everyday life of the Chinese hinterland was a shock, but a salutary one. The needs that had been mere words in lectures, colorless paragraphs in books, were here before the eyes of the students.

There was an immediate change in trends of learning, away from the bookish arts toward the mechanical, the scientific, the immediately useful. Students who had known only luxury settled down to life "in the raw": rude beds in inns, and even laboratories in dugouts.

What was lacking of their needs they made. Tin cans made workable beakers and hardened bamboo stirring rods would do. If electricity were lacking, they could improvise dynamos driven by engines from old automobiles. Precious gasoline could be replaced by charcoal gas. Vegetable oils made passable lubricants.

Occasionally, as at Chengtu, one of the few Western universities had a place to offer the universities in exile. Here the campus of the West China Union University gives shelter to portions of many of the exiled schools. Chengtu has paid for this—the campus and surrounding nonmilitary territory have been heavily bombed. That is why important laboratories carry on their work in caves and dugouts.

Undeterred, even strengthened, by adversity, learning (like the Yellow River) driven underground has risen again and flows to nourish China, overwhelming

ABOVE: Severance Hall, the administration building of the University of Nanking on the "home" campus, now in the hands of the invader; and to the right, the laundry of the West China Union University at Chengtu now occupied by refugee students from Nanking.

RIGHT: When the bus in which they were fleeing westward bogged down, these students got out and pushed. By bus, by caravan, riding, or on foot, students took with them what they could salvage from the libraries and laboratories.

BELOW: Classes resumed, 1,500 miles from the old site.







LACKING factory-made photometers, these students make their own and learn how to measure light.



HWA-NAN University students spend two or three hours daily as volunteer nurses in the hospital.



LACKING percolators, the West China Pharmacal Laboratories had them made locally (above). . . Below: College girls from Shanghai, now at Chungking, do their daily washing at the brook.

Photos: (Below) Gullumette from Publix; (all others) China Colleges



the dams of ignorance and oppression.

Militarily, we have sustained ourselves, and we shall continue sustaining ourselves. The invaders, by reason of their tremendous weight in equipment, may win battles, but they will be compelled to stick to the ruts of long lines of penetration, while we, if we have munitions, can move around our country like pieces are moved about the squares of a chessboard until we checkmate the enemy and win the war.

The suffering that we have borne uncomplainingly has benefited millions in other democratic countries by the inspiration that has been given and the precious time for preparation that has been afforded. We faced the greatest crisis in our long history when we were attacked in 1937, by forming alone the first front for democracy when no other country fought the peril nor was willing to oppose it.

We hold that front here. It was worth doing despite the heavy cost. Every head in China is today held the higher. We all know that every sacrifice we have made brings a better China and a better world the nearer.

Since the Republic of China was established 30 years ago, our nation's modern democracy struggled in isolation through the arid sands of the world's dying age of imperialism. Then it seemed to sink out of sight under an overwhelming invasion. People said, "China is finished; there will be no more China."

They were very wrong. The Yellow River of Chinese freedom has reappeared and is flowing irresistibly on. It draws contributory strength from other streams; from the United China Relief, organized by the American people; from the lend-lease policy initiated by President Roosevelt, the lifeblood of Britain, allied European nations and peoples and Russia. They are all bringing their share to the common cause, all seeking the same goal: peace and freedom.

When our metaphorical Yellow River flows home to the Pacific, we shall have created the democratic world to which America and China and our sister democracies are all alike dedicated.

# Days of HOPE for Rotarian Prisoners

ROTARY CLUBS everywhere, just as at mythical "Any-whereville," are replacing luncheons with "coffee and—" with bread and milk. Thus, and in other ways, they are raising money for the Relief Fund for Rotarians. Follow these dollars your Club has dug up and dispatched, and see just one of the many services this Fund is bringing those Rotarians caught in the devastating jaws of War.



The money is sent to Rotary's Central Offices at 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill.



It buys—among other things—nourishing foods which are packed in substantial boxes for shipment to Rotarians who are war prisoners.



INCREASING numbers of these war-prisoner food parcels go out each month. Already soldiers from eight nations (Australia, Burma, New Zealand, Belgium, France, Britain, Scotland, and Poland) are receiving them. Here a part of one month's shipment leaves Rotary offices on its way overseas.

Photos (pp. 21-23) Chicago Aerial Survey Co.; British Combine; Acme; American Red Cross; European







IT IS THE International Red Cross that transmits your packages. Here is its Central Prisoners of War Agency, at Geneva, Switzerland. Its mail is heavy.



ABOVE: All letters are read and carefully checked. Records are kept graphically; the section below is devoted to prisoners from French colonies.



PACKAGES from all over the world, including those you pay for, are sorted to destination and stored under cover (left). Later they are loaded into the cars for dispatch (below) to the prison camps to which they are addressed. The Red Cross is in charge of the shipment in transit until final distribution.

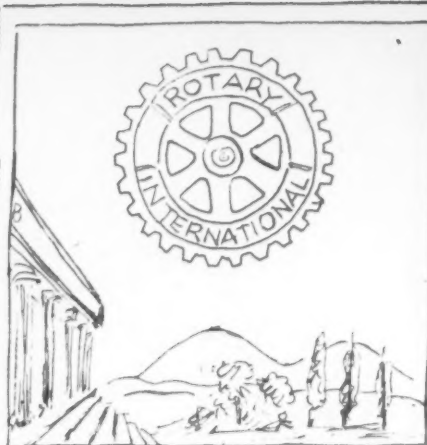




AT THE PRISON camp, parcels and newspapers are distributed. One package has evidently been opened, and cigarettes distributed—note the one being lit in the shelter of the truck. Tobacco in some form is included in every one of the parcels your money sends to those Rotarians who are interned in prison camps.

DELOUSED prisoners of war (at the left) are dressing in clothing which has been through the process, too. Below, some in Winter garb and some from the desert, British prisoners rest on their way to camps.

are sorted  
ed into the  
re address  
al distribu



My family is of German origin. As long as the ROTARY CLUB existed in Germany, my father was a member.

# RESCUE BY ROTARY

**T**HE GIRL who drew these sketches calls herself T. B. Healy—which is not her name. She gives the United States of America as her address—which is a spacious one. But her anonymity is necessary. It is vital to the well-being of her grandmother, mother, and sisters who are still in the European concentration camp in which she herself almost died of hunger.

It was the Relief Fund for Rotarians that saved her and her family from starvation. Some of the money you gave to that Fund penetrated the barbed wire that

huddled them together with 12,000 other suffering human beings, and without it they would have died slowly on turnip-and-water soup. Later the girl reached America. To convey her thanks, she sketched her story of heart-break and new hope in 17 drawings, bound them as a booklet, and titled it *Rescue by Rotary*. This she mailed to the Relief to Rotarians Committee. The seven sketches reproduced here tell enough of her tragic epic to confirm, once again, the important work and vital need of the Relief Fund for Rotarians.



My father left Germany and flew to England. The rest of the family was to follow him in a month or so.



October 22nd 1940 the Gestapo ordered all the families of Jewish race in and the Palatinate to prepare to leave within an hour.



We could take with us a suitcase and a hundred Marks (20\$). They stuffed us into a waiting train whose destination was unknown.



The people grew thinner and thinner; many of them died. But if one had money, he could buy something to eat.



Finally everything was gone. I looked sadly at my watch, that also had to go, for we had to have a few francs —



But then in this wretchedness when we'd just lost all hope of hunger is awful! — on this very day help came.



# Freedom in a Time of Stress

By **Bertrand Russell**

English Philosopher and Educator

**E**VERY country in the world, at the present time, is living in a state of national danger or national misfortune. When a country is in danger, it is inevitable that there should be less freedom than in quiet times, partly for sound reasons, but partly also owing to collective hysteria which has its source in fear.

It is important to disentangle these two sources of interference with liberty, especially in the case of nations which are champions of liberty as against tyranny. It may easily happen that interference is carried too far, not only from the point of view of an internationally minded friend of freedom, but even from the point of view of unity in war effort. This danger always exists in a country which is at war or in danger of war. I want first to consider what restrictions are necessary, and then how to avoid those that would be harmful.

It is, of course, obvious that a nation at war cannot allow freedom of action to those who desire the victory of its enemies. On this ground, the British Government interned Sir Oswald Mosley, the leader of the British Fascists, who had, for a number of years, openly sided with the dictatorships. There must also be censorship of all information that is likely to be useful to the enemy; freedom of the press, in matters of news, cannot survive in wartime. These are simple questions, as to which there is no dispute.

In any serious war there cannot be freedom as to how a man shall work, or how he shall spend his money. There have to be enough men in the armed forces and in the armament industry, and there will probably have to be rationing of food, oil, etc. In fact, a uniform direction of the whole economic activity of the nation is necessary, for, if two belligerent groups are more or less equal in resources, the one that organizes better will win.

The extent to which all this involves compulsion depends upon the state of opinion. When a nation is united in the will to victory, it submits voluntarily to whatever measures are necessary; but when it contains disaffected groups, they have to be kept from subversive activities. This involves some dispersion of effort; therefore uniformity of opinion is, *prima facie*, an advantage in war. The Government that expects or desires a war has a motive in trying to produce such uniformity of opinion, and is tempted to interfere with free discussion even before war has broken out. I think this temptation ought to be resisted, especially when the conflict is for the sake of democratic freedom. The question of peace or war is the most important with which a nation can be confronted, and there is no true democracy unless the citizens can freely express their opinions, and have the means of ascertaining the facts upon which a national opinion should be based.

A good case can win without repression, and a bad case ought not to be able to win by silencing all opposition. One hears much of the efficiency of dictatorships in war, but I think it will be found again, as on many former occasions, that this is a short-term efficiency, and that, in the long run, there is more staying power in the democracies, where each citizen feels that the war is *his* war because he has had his share in deciding for it.

Liberty, however, is not the same thing as democracy, though it cannot exist without it. Liberty demands a toleration of minorities, even if they are unpopular. The New England Colonies in the 17th Century were democratic, but had no care for liberty; on the contrary, the majority considered that it had a right to persecute any minority that disagreed with it in theology.

This question of toleration of



Illustrations by J. C. Sewell

minorities is especially difficult in a time of stress, because excitement and fear stimulate hatred, and every minority, however harmless, tends to be regarded with abhorrence. At the time of the Tokyo earthquake, Koreans were massacred, though no one could suppose them responsible for the disaster. This is an extreme case, but it illustrates the psychology of a population madened by fear. In 1794, when England was at war with France, an English mob sacked Priestley's house because his opinions were unpopular; he went to live in America, where his opinions were less obnoxious, and continued, as before, to live the life of a useful citizen, whose radicalism was in no degree subversive of public order.

There is here a natural confusion of thought, to which we are all liable if we are not on our guard. If you hate Hitler, and also hate some group in your own country, you tend, in your feelings, to identify the two objects of hatred, and to think that they must be working in alliance. You may thus come to suspect the loyalty of radicals, or big business, or religious groups, according to your prejudices, and so to foster that very lack of national unity which you believe yourself to be combating.

This is a matter, not only for public policy, but also for each individual. Those who wish to wage a war for liberty must take care that they do not let their



fears turn it into a war of persecution. This applies even to external enemies. One may hold, as I do, that the defeat of Hitler and the Nazi party is essential to human progress, not only in one part of the world, but in all. Nevertheless, it would be a disastrous error to hate all Germans.

We must not, in fighting the totalitarian States, fall into the error of imitating them. They have many bad features, but one of their worst is insistence on complete uniformity in all publicly expressed opinions and in all teaching. Such uniformity is, in the long run, a fatal bar to progress.

All opinions begin by being minority opinions; everything that we believe was once shocking to average men. That human sacrifice is undesirable, that the earth goes around the sun, that differences in theology should be tolerated, that States are not to be regarded as the private property of monarchs—all these were, in their day, the opinions of a few unpopular eccentrics; all of them exposed those who held them to the danger of being persecuted by the public authorities.

It would be a great misfortune if, as a result of the hysteria generated by danger, all unusual opinions were to be regarded as deserving to be suppressed. This applies especially to opinions that consider our existing political and economic systems capable of improvement. Whether such opinions are, in any particular case, right or wrong, is immaterial; what is material is that, unless they can be freely expressed, improvement will be impossible, and where there is no improvement there will be retrogression.

For these reasons, liberty in the expression of opinion, even in times of severe national emergency, is to be preserved, except only where it is quite clear that it hampers the national effort. The opposite opinion has its root in fear, and is not worthy of any courageous nation.

Liberty, in so far as one may hope that it will remain possible in the time after the war, will have to be safeguarded from two opposite dangers. If national sovereignty remains as absolute as it has been during the last century, the pressing risk of war will re-

main, and will lead, almost inevitably, to tightly organized national States, in which fear of foreign aggression will work against liberty. If, on the other hand, some kind of international government is established with a view to the prevention of war, it will have to curtail some highly prized forms of national freedom. Of these two dangers to liberty, the first appears to me much the greater: unless large wars can be made improbable, I do not see much hope for individual initiative in thought or in education. Security is the first requisite for the growth of liberty, and security is impossible without government; personal security requires national government, and national security requires international government.

An international government might, however, be tyrannical, or be composed of a federation of tyrannical national Governments. If both these errors are to be avoided, there must be a strong sentiment in favor of every kind of liberty that is compatible with order. It is not likely that there will be such a sentiment in sufficient strength unless it has been encouraged, as far as possible, during the years of struggle. And in view of the inevitable restrictions on liberty brought by the war, the best way to keep the love of liberty alive is to encourage hopes as to the kind of world to be brought about by victory.

In a desperate contest it is easy to come to feel as though victory, in itself, were all that is needful. We become persuaded that our own side is wholly good, and will infallibly make the best use of supreme power when acquired. This is a dangerous mistake. Very difficult problems of statesman-

ship will have to be faced whenever the war ends, and they cannot be solved if no thought is devoted to them while the war is in progress. It is inevitable that, if the prospective peace settlement is discussed, there should be differences of opinion as to what its principles ought to be, but this is no reason for shirking discussion.

I think it may be truly maintained that discussion of anything beyond general principles is futile in advance, since so much must depend upon *how* the war comes to an end; but general principles should be debated, and there should, whenever a peace treaty comes to be negotiated, be an educated and informed opinion, in democratic countries, as to the broad lines of a desirable settlement. This, therefore, is one of the regions in which no national emergency should be allowed to interfere with the free expression of individual opinion, in neutral quite as much as in belligerent countries.

I think one may say generally that, while interferences with liberty are to a certain extent inevitable in a time of stress, the arguments in their favor are likely to be more evident to Governments than the arguments against them, since Governments are naturally inclined to think all criticism of themselves unpatriotic. This, however, is a mistake; criticism of Governments is often a patriotic duty. It is therefore incumbent on those who are not connected with government to stress the importance of preserving as much liberty as possible; and this is especially the case when the defense of liberty is the most important part of the professed national purpose.

The times in which we live are incredibly painful, and it is only by keeping alive the hope of some happy issue that they can be endured without moral damage. Every unnecessary interference with freedom makes it more difficult to keep this hope alive, and makes victory, to that degree, both less probable and less worth achieving. And, on the other hand, every national hope that can be kept alive does something to make the outlook for the future less black than it would otherwise be.



# Our Adventure in Adoption

By May Reynolds Sherwin

Illustrations by Henrietta McCaig Starrett

IN ADOPTING our three children, my husband and I have broken all rules. One rule is that the adopting parents should be fairly young themselves — certainly not middle aged. But we are both crowding 50. Another rule is that you should get children when they're babes. But two of ours were 7 years old when we got them and one was 6.

Friends think we have been rather foolhardy. We and our three children think our new family is working out beautifully. In fact, we're looking for a fourth child.

"Why in the world did you take older children instead of babies?" everyone asks.

There are two answers.

We are more interested in encouraging young minds and hearts than in cuddling tiny babies and changing diapers. Of course, if a baby had come to us in the normal way, we should have cuddled and changed it lovingly, but since we were choosing, we preferred youngsters who were old enough to talk and reason.

The other answer is that there is a serious shortage in babies and the priorities go to young parents who would normally be having babies of their own. One agency told us it had on file 5,000 applications and never had more than 200 babies a year to be adopted.

Of course, we might have patronized one of the bootleg agencies that will get you a baby for \$500 or \$1,000. But in that case we'd have no guaranty that our adoption was legal. The real parents might turn up some day and blackmail us—threaten to take the child away unless we paid. The legitimate agency protects adopting parents as well as the child.

We saw that older children were the answer for us.

We went after them in a systematic way. Resolutely we turned deaf ears to friends and acquaintances who out of the goodness of their hearts and their ignorance were sure they had just

the right child for us. I am a child psychologist and a college teacher, and my husband a successful businessman, but we became convinced that we were not competent alone to make the search and the choice. We realized that a good adoption agency was better equipped to help foster parents than all the well-meaning friends in the world.

First of all, we set up in our minds the specifications of what we wanted in a child.

1. We wanted good health, both in the child and in his family. If anything is inherited, it is physical setup, general constitution, and all the rest that determine health. Why not pick the sturdiest family tree we could find?

2. Next we wanted good average intelligence. We weren't interested in the I.Q.'s of the child's family. By the time a child gets a good start in school, you can pretty much tell what *his* intelligence is going to be and that's what counts. Figuring that neither feeble-mindedness nor genius would fit into our home, we tried to find children somewhere in the middle. We had each child under consideration tested. With school-age children this can be done easily and fairly satisfactorily. Not so with babies.

3. We wanted children whose dispositions and temperaments would fit in with ours. My husband and I aren't tolerant of either milquetoasts or prima donnas. We like an outspoken, self-confident youngster with the energy and desire to fight the world. We are both extroverts, outgoing people, mixers, who like activity, outdoor life. We wanted children of that sort.



HERE ARE Mrs. Sherwin and children. An informal photograph of this "planned family" appears on page 5.

These, then, are the things we considered vital: health, intelligence, disposition. We didn't set our hearts on curly hair, exact color of eyes, or precise age. The more definite your ideas in that respect, the more likely you are to be disappointed. Our general terms were two or more children between the ages of 5 and 12—assorted sexes.

We steadfastly refused to take one child alone because we felt unequal, at our age, to doing the whole job of making life interesting for a child. Children who have grown out of babyhood need



other children as companions, muscle exercisers, mutual character developers. It was just as easy, we found, to arrange our home for two or three as for one.

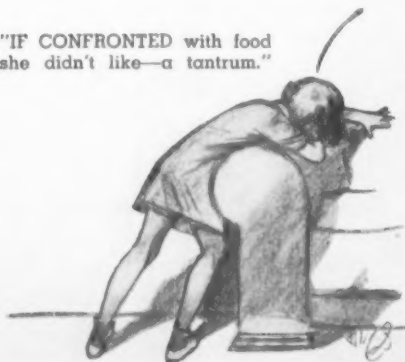
We visited many agencies and wrote to many others, making our specifications known. We wrote scores of letters to people to whom the agencies referred us.

"We do not expect to find paragons of virtue, either in the way of absolutely pure heredity or a childhood free from behavior problems," I wrote to one agency, and we made that point to all people with whom we communicated.

**O**UR search went on for *two and a half years*. We followed many false scents and barked up many wrong trees. One time when I was sick in the hospital, my husband burst into my room, announcing: "I've found four wonderful kids and I want to adopt them all!" Well, all four of those children were attractive, but we finally decided that none of them would do. Two of them had been a long time in a boarding home and we found that they were so tied up emotionally with the people with whom they had lived that it would be difficult to capture their complete affection. This is one thing to look out for in adopting older children. Many of them are or have been in boarding homes. One must be sure they have not built up emotional ties that will persist into their life with you. Another of the four had a T.B. history in her family. The fourth was a beautiful little girl, but a dark Italian type. My husband and I are both blond—I am a redhead—and I felt that a child so utterly different in complexion would never seem a part of our family.

Finally, after an immense

"IF CONFRONTED with food she didn't like—a tantrum."



amount of investigation, interviews with social workers and teachers, we fixed our minds on two boys, both 7 years old. Then came the business of arranging to meet them and our half-frightened uncertainty: "Will we like *them*?" "Will they like *us*?" When you're adopting a baby, the only question is: "Will we like *it*?"

Once you have assured yourself, on the basis of cold fact, that a child is a likely candidate for your home, then you can let your heart have a turn. We certainly did. Not only did both these boys meet our requirements, but we liked both instantly and let them know it. And, even more important, we felt that they liked us. One boy, Bob, was a big solid blond youngster with a strong handclasp and a straightforward look. The other, Ray, we fell in love with for his beautiful blond hair and soft brown eyes.

We didn't let our hearts run absolutely away with us. We invited the boys to our home supposedly for a visit, so that we could better size each other up. But after they had been with us a few days, Bob suddenly exclaimed one day: "Can I call you 'Mommie'?" That sold Bob to me. A little later Ray burst out: "Say, wouldn't it be great if I could stay here, so I wouldn't have to be moved again!" Well, the fact is that the boys made up our minds for us. "Now you'll be my real daddy and my real mommie!" said Ray. The satisfaction in having brought that exclamation up out of a boy's heart made all the years of looking and waiting fade into insignificance.

Bob and Ray are a striking contrast. Bob, large, placid, honest, is a conformist. Ray is a rebel. Bob is quiet in his affections; Ray is demonstrative. "They're different enough to be blood brothers," laughed my husband.

After we had had the two for a while, they began asking for a sister. Since Bob and Ray were now members of the family, we let them have a part in the choosing. One likely little girl who came to us for a visit proved so shy that she hid in her room to avoid the boys. We and the boys felt we could never make her happy. Then we heard about another lit-

tle girl who seemed to be just what we wanted. We went to see her, then we took the boys to see her, not telling them she was a prospective sister—only that we were picking her up for a day's outing. But at the end of the day, Bob exclaimed: "Wouldn't it be great if we could get Ruth for a sister!" So Ruth, aged 6, became a member of our growing family.

People who think we have been foolhardy in adopting older children ask two questions in particular. One is: "How can you be sure that an older child has not acquired bad habits that it will be hard to break?" You can't be sure. But, as I say, we had not expected perfection. All three of our children did have so-called bad habits we had not expected. Working to overcome those habits has been one of the most interesting things in this adventure of adoption.

The boys had not been with us very long before we discovered that one of them took things that didn't belong to him and told untruths to cover up. As a child psychologist, I knew enough not to be horrified. Children aren't born honest or dishonest. They have to learn what honesty means.

Most of the things this youngster took were at school. His teacher, a most understanding person, warned me of his failing and worked with me to help him. When I found a shiny new knife in his pocket, I didn't burst out: "You stole that! Take it back at once!" I said casually: "Hello, where did that come from?" "Bill gave it to me," he said airily. Instead of contradicting him, I said kindly: "Son, you're in a jam. I'm trying to get you out of it. Let's see what we can do." Suddenly he cried: "All right, I swiped it! Lick me and get it over with!"

Evidently that is the way he had been handled before he came to us—a wrongdoing, a licking that cancelled it out, and left him quite free to do wrong again when he took a fancy to it. It's an all too common way of handling children's faults. I explained that it wasn't going to be so easy as that.

First, the knife had to be returned. Finally he proposed: "You take it back to the teacher,



Mom—tell her not to let on where it came from." I agreed to that. Next time, I said to myself, *he'll* take the swiped article back.

Then we had a talk about fairness. Was it fair to another boy to take what belonged to him? This idea astonished my boy. It had never occurred to him. But what astonished him even more was that a wrongdoing could be *discussed*. A whipping, that's all wrongdoing had brought him before. No one had ever discussed anything with him on a plane of intellectual equality—least of all, his own faults.

Why did he take things that didn't belong to him? He couldn't explain, and only gradually did I get a full answer. One reason for getting into this bad habit was, no doubt, that before he came to us he had no allowance. Every child craves things and needs a little money to buy them with. Besides, in his case the honesty problem had been complicated by insecurity. For years, living in this family and that, unloved, unhappy, he had lied and stolen as a sort of defiance against the world that cared nothing for him. The more he felt the world "agin" him, the more he lied and stole.

This struggle to help him overcome his failing actually went on for nearly two years. Many-times I thought we had conquered it, and then he fell back—hard. One of the worst was when he swiped 5 cents out of the school milk money. He didn't need the money. It was just a flare-up of his old defiance of the world. "I'm not angry," I said, "I'm just terribly disappointed in you, that's all." And that cut him. I could see it. He craves and needs affection, more than most children, and the realization that he had done something to wound my love for him was worse than any possible physical punishment. I think that was the turning point. He rarely took anything that didn't belong to him after that, and he *never* does any more. What really conquered his failing was his knowledge that he was really loved and his final unwillingness to injure that love.

The other boy's bad habit was not so readily recognized for what it was. He didn't like school, was



"TEACHER," he said, "she won't believe that I'm adopted! Please tell her that it's so!"

always in trouble with his teachers. We discovered that he had a habit of giving up on tasks that demanded any mental effort. He had a good mind—the psychological tests showed that—but he never used it if he could help it. He spent more time and energy avoiding a task than it would have taken to accomplish it, and naturally he was a disturbing element in the classroom and the bane of the teacher's life.

**O**UR POLICY was to give him a very easy task, show him exactly what was expected of him, help him stick it out, and give him lavish praise for what he had done. He had never had praise for any mental task, only scolding for what he hadn't done. Praise—he ate it up! His progress has been thrilling. Two years ago he wouldn't even read the balloons in the comics—too much work—only looked at the pictures. Last night he begged for more time to finish an article in a magazine

about a man and a child and a dog before he put out his light for the night. What more could any parent ask?

Ruth had the bad habit of crying to get her own way. It was apparently her policy to wear people down with teasing and finally, if that didn't work, to go into a tantrum. If confronted with food she didn't like, if she lost in a game—another tantrum. Once, when she had put on an especially unpleasant act, one of her brothers, disgusted, said: "When we picked you out, we thought you were a nice girl, but we've changed our minds. I'm sorry we got you."

That was more effective than anything I could have said. And it showed the value of having more than one child. Children find they have to win the approval of each other.

My attitude when confronted with Ruth's teasing for something that is unreasonable is not to deny it [Continued on page 57]

# Looking Ahead from



# New Zealand

**F**OR THE past three years New Zealand's energies have been co-ordinated and organized for the grim task of destruction which wartime necessity has imposed upon us. Even in the midst of that uncompleted task, however, it is well to look ahead to the creative effort of post-war reconstruction, for unless we succeed in that, our sacrifice of blood and treasure will have been in vain.

At this stage, admittedly, it would be folly to prepare a detailed blueprint to which the structure of the new order must rigidly conform. But principles can and must be discussed; and now, not later, is the time to do it. This is an international, quite as much as a national, problem.

Being an important primary-producing country, and having supplies of food stored up during the war, New Zealand will be called upon to help feed the populations of the worst devastated areas as soon as victory is won and transportation can be arranged. Ships that bring our soldiers home will leave New Zealand ports with cargoes of butter, cheese, and meat. Industries, here and overseas, expanded and diverted to military needs, must be transferred to production of consumers' goods.

Yet this transition must be so regulated as to avoid overproduction, disastrous competition, and a subsequent slump in peacetime commodities. Nations which need our food will lack for a few years the purchasing power with which to buy it; and Great Britain, upon

whom New Zealand's economy is almost wholly dependent, will herself be a debtor nation with her foreign assets exhausted.

Strategically and economically, the United States and Canada will be the center of gravity for an English-speaking block on whose outer periphery lie the British Isles at one extreme and Australia and ourselves at the other.

Post-war reconstruction of industry anywhere concerns at least three parties, and no satisfactory principles can be reached unless their points of view are somehow dovetailed together. They are (1) the consumer, (2) the State, and (3) industry itself.

In New Zealand, economic organization revolves around the producer, and by him is dominated. The Farmers Union, the Manufacturers Association, the trade unions of all descriptions, are powerfully organized. They make it certain that the Government of the day shall know what their wishes are; and by concerted action they frequently see to it that their wishes are respected. By contrast the consumers are disorganized, and their point of view is presented with far less clarity, precision, and force.

A rationally planned economy must be founded upon a conception of what the consumers progressively need if living standards are to be gradually raised in the new order. But our present economy is for the most part planless; and it is left to the unco-ordinated caprices of competition to swell or contract production ac-

cording to the vagaries of the market.

Regulation of industry by the State has greatly increased in New Zealand during the last 15 years, as it has in other democratic countries. By those who object to this tendency in principle, regulation is commonly called "interference," a word which implies that the State is assuming a function beyond its proper scope. But in the 20th Century the State is entitled to assume new functions if thereby the general welfare is promoted. Surely it is clear that the general well-being of all is no longer secured by the cutthroat practices of competition or by the uncontrollable power of private monopolies.

If the State has increasingly regulated industry, it is because industry has been unwilling to regulate itself. Moreover, in New Zealand, where consumers are so poorly organized, the State has this added justification: it alone could represent the consumers' point of view to the organized associations of producers.

In a world that will probably be still more closely integrated than ever before, there is likely to be more regulation of industry than less. It has long ago been decided in New Zealand that we shall have an economic system in which some portions are socialistically organized and other portions are capitalistically organized. The real question of the last 50 years has been and still is: *How shall we blend the mixture of part capitalism and part socialism?* Is it in the general interest that a particular enterprise shall be owned and operated for profit of private individuals, or owned and operated by the State as a monopoly for the profit of the public?

**M**ANY New Zealand industries are left in private hands because that is not socially harmful. Others are entrusted to the State—and some, like the Post Office, have been State managed for more than a century—because of their importance to the community. It is not surprising that, as a result of modern technological changes and economic trends, certain enterprises can no longer be safely left in private hands.

An obvious example is the manufacture and sale of munitions. What has to be decided in planning the new order is which particular activities should now in the public interest be transferred entirely to the State.

Private industry in the new order must be organized and animated with the motive of social service, else it will not harmonize with a coöperatively functioning community. Industry has a service to perform to the rest of society, and society will judge it by its usefulness, not by the profit it makes. This will require industry to undergo the most difficult form of change—not merely a change in its organization or structure, but a change in its mental attitudes. The survival of industry, and its worth to the community, depend upon its capacity to bring about that inward regeneration.

Hitherto, it is correct to say, the inward character of industry has not been attuned to its democratic environment. Most industries have been owned by a few and managed by a few for the benefit of those few. Yet upon the prosperity of the industry may depend the welfare and the homes of hundreds of working men and women whose share in its operations is recognized only by the payment of a weekly wage. This state of affairs is both inequitable and unwise. It is inequitable because it leads to an unfair distribution of profits and accumulation of wealth. It is unwise because the management of the industry may be improved in many ways if opportunity is given to all participants to contribute the lessons of their own experience.

As far as the distribution of profit goes, a remedy for present-day defects may easily be found in the principles advocated by the Employee Partnership Institute\* and enacted into law in the Companies Act of New Zealand and of New South Wales. On those principles, all who provide the services of their labor (whether manual or managerial) have a

right to share in the profits by virtue of their labor service. Hence labor shares are allotted to all employees, varying in number according to the type of work performed. The share contributed by capital is remunerated at a fixed rate of interest sufficient to cover the risk involved. Under the existing law, it is merely permissive for companies to act upon such principles. The writer would suggest that in the new post-war order those principles might well be made compulsory upon all industries privately owned and operated.

Democracy within industry can be further promoted if there were more consultation with employees on matters of internal administration. This does not mean that all participants in the industry would be converted into an industrial parliament where every decision would be taken on a majority vote. But it does mean that all who give the services of their labor have a right to make suggestions about

## By Leslie Lipson

Henry Ford's "My Faith in the Future" was the August installment in the "A World to LIVE In" series. In it readers were accorded the rare privilege of envisioning the post-war era through eyes of "the world's No. 1 industrialist." . . . This article (No. 13 of the series) was written from the viewpoint of a New Zealand economist, professor of political science in Victoria University College at Wellington.—Eds.

the management and policies of the industry. There is no valid reason why the principles of organization, for whose survival in the political sphere we are now fighting, should not have their usefulness and applicability to the economic sphere.

The New Zealand economy has always been overwhelmingly agricultural, and the prosperity of the country has fluctuated according to the overseas prices of its four major exports—wool, meat, butter, and cheese. Diversifying this one-sided economy by the development of secondary industries is a wise policy. But there are limits which it would be folly to overstep.

To the extent that articles manufactured in New Zealand replace articles imported from abroad, the power of other countries to purchase our primary products is correspondingly restricted. Moreover, it is both uneconomic to the nation and undesirable for the domestic consumer that locally manufactured goods of higher price and inferior quality should be substituted for the better and cheaper imported commodity.

Many of New Zealand's industries, especially those which produce consumers' goods, could not possibly maintain themselves without the protection of our already high tariff wall. Our industries can hardly hope to compete in markets overseas, and must be content to supply the domestic market alone. But because the domestic market is so small, the economies of large-scale production are rendered impossible and the costs of production must needs be excessively high.

The long-term remedy for this is to increase the size of the domestic market by increasing New Zealand's population through immigration. Our economy can be more successfully diversified if there are more consumers in New Zealand itself to use the products of our industries. Furthermore, a policy which is so urgent for economic reasons is reinforced by all the considerations of strategy and defense which are now uppermost in our minds. The threat to our security at the present moment is severe because our population is so exiguous.

I conclude with a note of warning. The economic curse of the 20 years between the two world wars was the tendency to national self-sufficiency, to autarchy, with its concomitant tariff barriers, quotas, subsidies, and substitutes. New Zealand will be doing a national hurt to herself and an international disservice to others if she pursues the mirage of self-sufficiency. Our industries must be developed within the limiting conditions of our natural resources and of our population. Only thus can the reconstructed industry of peacetime fulfill its balanced rôle within New Zealand's economy and enable New Zealand itself to play a balanced part in the economy of the world.

\* Mr. Harry Valder, a Rotary Past District Governor and a prominent New Zealand businessman, has long been an active exponent of the plan. Inquiries concerning it may be addressed to him, care the Employee Partnership Institute, Hamilton, New Zealand, of which he is chairman.





# Rotary in Britain Is Vital

By T. D. Young

Continuity runs in the Young blood. The author is fifth of his family to manage a linen firm founded at Newcastle-upon-Tyne in 1786, and he has the unique record of just completing his third consecutive term as President of R.I.B.I. (Rotary International in Britain and Ireland). With another "Tom"—T. A. Warren, of Wolverhampton, Immediate Past Vice-President of Rotary International—he clipped to the Toronto Convention. The candid camera caught him at a dramatic moment (left) while dictating this article.

**D**ESPITE blitzes and the national budget, Rotary in the British Isles is stronger than ever before.

Figures tell a part of the story. When the war started, we had 482 Clubs. Today there are 490—a gain of eight. In September, 1939, we numbered some 21,000 Rotarians. Today the figure is substantially the same, this despite the drain of men in service and the disruption of business.

Small Clubs have been hit hardest. When the hotel where they meet has been made a heap of rubble, the fellows carry on somehow, determined not to give up Rotary. Not one Rotary Club in Britain—not even in Coventry—has done without a meeting for more than a fortnight. Rotarians have used all sorts of expedients: maybe they'd lunch at home or elsewhere and then meet, or they'd take a packet of sandwiches in their pockets and bolt a cup of coffee and make that their meal. The one idea has been to carry on.

Why? Well, when a man is working ten or more hours a day and, perhaps, is a bit worried about what's going to happen to his business and wonders how he is going to pay his taxes and the day's news is none too cheery, nothing bucks him up more than meeting with friends. And that is what Rotary does for him.

When I mention taxes, maybe I should use a capital "T." In Brit-

ain, taxes take 50 percent of every salary no matter how small, and if you make more than £1,500 (\$6,000)—of which you get but half—you begin to pay a surtax. If your income is really large, you may pay as much as \$390 out of every \$400. To have a net income of \$25,000 in Britain these days, you would have to have a gross income of at least a million dollars!

Small businessmen, from whom we draw most of our Rotarians, are squeezed especially hard by restrictions. All motor dealers went out of business very soon after the war started, and we lost many as Rotarians simply because of their lack of classifications. Today in a few cases, two or more retailers in similar but noncompeting lines operate under the same roof to cut down on rent, light, and other fixed charges.

Rotarian businessmen also bear the moral burden of caring for employees in the armed forces. To pay a man the difference between his Army pay and what he formerly drew in store, office, or factory is, British Rotarians agree, but elementary "Vocational Service."

But despite all deterrents to business, Rotarians are loath to relinquish their memberships. Where a member's business ceases altogether, some Clubs hold his classification open for palmier days. This is facilitated by the Government's policy of prohibiting anyone coming into the

premises and starting a shop to cash in on the goodwill of the man who no longer operates.

But fellowship is not the only cement that holds Rotary together in Britain. There is a belief in the permanence of our ideal of service. If you were to ask what our Clubs are doing as Clubs, the story would be long, though perhaps not enormous. But here is the vital point: it would be almost impossible to find a Rotarian in Britain who has not voluntarily assumed a task, over and above his own business, to help win the war and to make a decent peace. This conception of our purpose emphasizes personal effort. If our ideal were left to the Clubs, if it were satisfied by passing flowery resolutions or by mere contributions of pounds and shillings and pence, then it surely would die of inanition. But when men give of their own hours and thought and the work of their hands, then the ideal of service becomes vital and its permanence is assured.

Many British Rotarians are in the A.R.P. (Air-Raid Precaution) services—as wardens and fire watchers—and auxiliaries of one kind or another. We are mostly "amateurs." We put in 48 hours a month, usually a 12-hour watch once a week. It isn't hard—one man stays on the roof and watches while the others sleep downstairs until needed. So far they've been kind to me and I've been allowed

to sleep until needed—and somehow I've never had to be called! We have "professional" watchers, too—retired firemen and policemen who are used to that sort of thing. Watchers must be on the premises whenever unoccupied, which means nights and all day Sunday.

Many Rotarians, I am happy to state, occupy important and high positions. Sir Arthur Lambert, for example, who is Past President of my own Rotary Club of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, is District Commissioner. That may not mean much to the reader until I explain. All Britain is divided into eight districts, each of which would carry on under powers delegated by the Home Office should the seat of government at Westminster suddenly be wiped out by the enemy.

Many more humble opportunities for service have been opened to individual—and always that word is to be stressed—Rotarians by Clubs. I have seen items in THE ROTARIAN from time to time about their various services,\* such as the furnishing of blankets and clothing for bombed-out folk and pipes and tobacco for torpedoed seamen, contributing to blood banks, providing places for people to stay when they were bombed out, "adopting" trawlers' crews, and all that sort of thing.

I should also mention the money given by Rotarians to aid those who lost everything in the blitz. Most Clubs have taken part in this, and many victims were helped by the gifts of money and supplies that have flowed from Canada and the United States.

Many "sister" Clubs have acted thus directly—for instance, Paisley, Ontario, Canada, sent to Paisley, Scotland; King's Lynn in Norfolk received gifts from Lynn, Massachusetts; Boston in that same State sent to Boston in Lincolnshire; Hartford, Connecticut, remembered Hertford in Hertfordshire; and so on. Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, where Rotary's Convention will be held in 1943, was settled by folk from Nottingham in the shires, and has kept up a "mother-daughter" relationship with the Rotary Club there.

Early in the war we had a

\* See *On Britain's Home Front*, March, 1941; *Britain Finds Its Soul*, by T. A. Warren, June, 1941; and items in *Rotary Reporter* section, July, 1941, and succeeding months.

"train-meetingservice," which met soldiers and sailors whose trains arrived after the bus or other local services had shut down and drove the men home. That has been largely discontinued. Leave trains have been rescheduled to avoid the need, but in addition we have established hostels for men on leave.

Rotary Clubs have taken part, often, in opening these hostels. The Government will furnish you a building, you equip it with beds and bedding and perhaps a canteen and recreation room, and then you hand it over to some professionals to run for you. We let the Salvation Army or Y.M.C.A. or some similar organization run it. All you have to charge is the running cost—there's no overhead.

Soldiers and Navy sailors often have a short leave of 48 hours, which allows no time to get home, unless they happen to be stationed close by. But it gives them time to get to the nearest big city, and they are sure of a place to stay at the hostels.

The Rotary Club did not furnish the eight hostels in my section. The Northumberland and Durham War Needs Fund did it—but Rotary was recognized. When the Northern counties merged their funds, it was agreed that it would be well to have the President of R.I.B.I. head up the fund.

Four of these hostels are for soldiers, one for Navy men, three for merchant-marine sailors. We used to have the Navy and merchantmen in one, but the sailors got there early and left the merchant tars out, so we divided them. One merchantmen hostel is for Lascars, Indians, Malays, and the like; one is for colored men from the Barbadoes and thereabouts. Merchantmen have the right to stay on board ships, but there is no light, heat, or fire for cooking, so they prefer to spend the nights at the hostels, at a shilling (about 20 cents) for a bed.

As you know, nearly everything in Britain is rationed. For instance, clothing: You get an al-

lowance of so many points each sixmonth, and as a suit takes practically the whole of one's points in that period, you don't get many suits a year—that is, not if you want socks or handkerchiefs or other things! Your meat ration is about a shilling-worth the week—one lamb chop. But you can get a meal at a restaurant without giving up your coupons—you don't have to turn them in at a hotel until the fourth day.

As this would be unfair to workingmen, who haven't always the time nor the price to dine at restaurants regularly, a great number of workingmen's municipal restaurants have been set up—

Photo: Acme



BRITISH Rotarians are playing rôles in tragic scenes these days. They, like other businessmen of the blitzed isle, are active as volunteer air-raid wardens, fire watchers.

where you can get a full meal for a shilling, or about 20 cents: a bowl of soup, a slice of bread, meat and two vegetables, a sweet, and tea. For half that a school child gets the same meal. The educational council bears the difference. You can get the meat dish and tea for 14 cents, but most folk take the whole 20-cent meal.

The municipal restaurants are set up as the hostels—that is, the Government furnishes the building and the rest is furnished locally. Often the building is a school with some cooking equipment in it, especially if children have been evacuated from the locality. In my town, the buildings are halls. Many Rotarians are engaged in this work—Tom A. Warren (Rotary's Immediate Past First Vice-President) is in charge in Wolverhampton, for instance. The kitchens have no overhead. All they must do is carry themselves, and they give a much better meal than the housewife can prepare for the same money.

I think that without doubt we will continue these municipal kitchens after the war is won. It's economical and better than the old way of each one cooking his or her family's own little meal, to say nothing of a better choice of food, and a better diet. With one home out of five throughout Britain damaged or destroyed by bombs, we may expect a long period of

reconstruction which can hardly fail to leave its imprint on our ways of living.

Although I said that the service of Rotary Clubs corporately seemed small, R.I.B.I. did make one gift to the nation. A mobile X-ray laboratory costs in the neighborhood of £1,500 (about \$6,000 U. S.). We set out to give three of them. So far we have given four.

Such X-ray units have saved countless lives. When a man is hurt, especially with a spinal injury, it is usually fatal to try to move him until you know just where the injury is. A unit can come as close as possible, stretch a cable right to the victim, put an X-ray plate on one side or slip it beneath him, take a picture, and in six minutes it can be developed in the van and you know just how to move him without further hurt. These units have also been loaned temporarily to hospitals whose X-ray departments have been *blitzed*. Every large town has at least one.

Rotary Clubs throughout Britain are giving careful thought to the world after the United Nations have won the war. More than 300 Clubs have Reconstruction Committees, which are studying every aspect of the changes that must be made in the world structure to prevent another holocaust. Some months ago the Reconstruction Com-

mittee of R.I.B.I. issued a pamphlet setting forth the result of some of these studies and 18,000 copies were ordered immediately. One Club in California, for example, took 500.

Solely because British Rotarians have proved their will to serve, everybody from the Government down has accepted Rotary as an agency for helping in the war effort. Prominent journalists and diplomats, heads and big figures in all important civilian organizations, and even Ministers of the Government are glad to come before Clubs because they realize that they can thus reach a real cross-section of the thinking people. Mr. Ernest Bevin, Minister of Labor and of National Service, and Mr. Arthur Greenwood, formerly Minister of Reconstruction and now Minister without Portfolio, are among those who have addressed Rotary Clubs.

Despite such semiofficial cognizance of our Rotary organization in Britain, our policy has ever been that politically the war was ours: whether the United States or any other neutral country came into it was its affair and not ours. There is great pleasure in saying that when the United States and other American nations did join us in the great fight for democracy, they did so of their

THIS WAS Coventry. Despite such havoc, its Rotary Club has missed but two meetings since the beginning of the war. . . . At the right is an excerpt from Rotary's *Official Directory* for 1941-42 giving data about the Coventry Club.



Photo: Acme

Briggs (phys.).  
P.O. Box 30 (32)  
Courtrai, Belgium 5079 (D-61) 1939  
Coventry, Warwick, England 1222 (D-6) 1921  
Monday, 12:45, Geisha Cafe, Hertford St. Pres. John  
Morton (hauling) Hunningham Grange, Hunningham,  
near Leamington Spa. Hon. Secy. Alfred Jas. Blake  
(mill furnishing) "Montcalm," 32 Binley Rd. (116)  
Covina, Cal., U.S.A. 1366 (D-108) 1923  
Thursday, 12:15, Club House. Pres. G.

own free will and not through any pressure on our part.

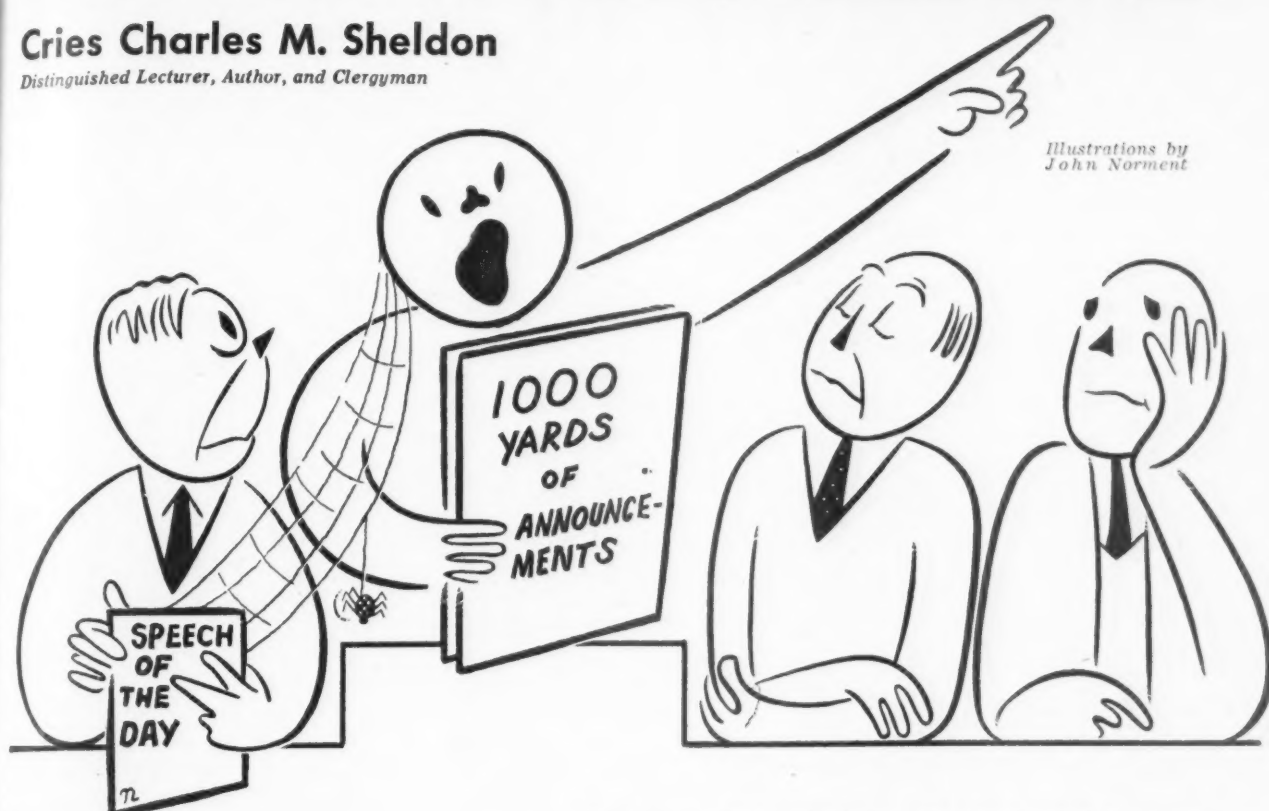
How long will the war last? No man in Britain can say, but if you ask him who will win, he will say with certainty that the United Nations will win. Yet even if the world be knocked out in winning, the "Ideal" of service which is Rotary will still exist. Rotarians have shown how that ideal functions in time of stress: in time of peace it will have still greater potentialities, for in Rotary the world has a trained body of men thinking and acting (if I may coin an adverb) "servicely."



# Down with the Deadly Preliminaries!

**Cries Charles M. Sheldon**

*Distinguished Lecturer, Author, and Clergyman*



*A veteran of the platform pleads for brisker programs [applause] and briefer speakers [sustained applause].*

**D**OWN in Dallas, Texas, there is a judge by the name of Joe Hill. I don't know him; I know virtually nothing about him; but I like him, and this is why:

One day, I am told, he sat at a banquet in a neighboring city. His turn on the program was far, far down the list, and when it finally arrived, the crowd was nodding and the air was bad.

But the judge had anticipated this, and while taking his place at the speaker's desk he announced that copies of his speech were available at the exits, and anyone wishing to leave could do so now and enjoy the speech without listening to it. "A large number accepted the invitation," the judge says.

Now, I know just how he felt. After nearly 50 years of suffering on the public stage, I feel like leaving as my epitaph, *Died of the Deadly Preliminaries*.

Not long ago I was a guest and the principal speaker at an afternoon meeting of a literary society. The affair was to start at 1 P.M. It began at 1:25—with some piano music. Then a poetess, who had

just succeeded in having a volume of her works published (at her own expense), "read" for us. Then came a bit of violin music . . . and finally the speaking program. Three other speakers preceded me and each ran over the time allotted him on the printed program. There in fancy type on expensive paper it said I was to speak at 3:10. It was 5:49 before I did. And I had another important engagement at 6:30.

If that, or something like it, has happened to me once, it has happened a thousand times. I was once the guest speaker at a State teachers' meeting in my own town and the printed program showed that I was to begin my address at 8 P.M. The meeting began with several numbers by the high-school orchestra. Anxious to show the teachers what his boys and girls could do, the director led his orchestra through one solid hour of symphony. Next came almost another full hour of drama by high-school thespians. And it was

9:15 when the chairman introduced me.

Thereupon I arose and did what I had never done before. I thanked the audience, the orchestra, and the actors for an enjoyable evening of entertainment and told the audience that they must be too tired to remain to hear me, and then bowed myself off the platform before I could be recalled. I was told afterward that there was some applause—just exactly enough to indicate that the audience felt as I did about adding a speech to the already-long evening.

Certainly my dislike for the deadly preliminaries is not unique. All public speakers share my feelings. So do audiences. None of us objects to a reasonable period for announcements and music leading up to what is supposed to be the *pièce de résistance*, but all of us would like to see the program stick to the clock. Is that asking too much? The grocer "opens up" at 8 o'clock sharp. The

housewife plans dinner for 6:30. School opens at 8:30. The bus will be along at 10:46; Jack Benny will be on the air at 6 C.W.T. Everything, in the United States particularly, runs according to the clock. We boast (too much, perhaps) of our "time sense." But when it comes to "the program"—well, yes, it will start at 8 P.M. sharp—but *when* will it end?

My home town, Topeka, Kansas, has over 200 distinct "clubs." They are literary, political, musical, religious, educational, commercial, or merely relaxational. But at some time during the year, if not every week, each wants a speaker. So do the schools, colleges, and churches. That means an enormous lot of public speaking and no end of programs. And what is true of my town is true of yours.

**H**OW DOES it come that we let programs run away with themselves? This may be the clue: The program planner sits down and says to himself: "We've got an hour and a half to fill. The speech will take only 25 minutes." On the bottom of a clean sheet he scribbles in the name of the speaker—and all that white space above terrifies him. So he calls up

Joe's wife and asks her if she'll sing a few numbers. Then he writes in the one word: *Announcements*. It takes him two seconds to write it. It will take him ten minutes to deliver them.

Then he remembers that there's a big drive on for a local charity, so he puts Hank down for a four-minute speech. But Hank will take ten minutes. And the distinguished visitor who came unexpectedly will have to be introduced and permitted to say a few words.

What all program chairmen should reckon on is that everybody and everything he says expands mightily up there in the rare atmosphere of the speaker's platform. A vocal solo becomes a concert—a four-minute speech becomes an oration—while the audience becomes very weary. Radio with its several faults has shown us one thing: that programs can start and *end* on time. It, as nothing else, has taught some of my esteemed colleagues brevity. It always shocks me pleasantly to hear the Reverend So-and-So compressing into ten minutes of radio time what he'd need 30 minutes to say from his own pulpit.

I am an old face at church conferences, and at every one that I

can remember I have wanted to charge the speakers with infraction of the Sixth Commandment. Everyone of them has stolen some of the time of the next speaker. I cannot recall a single one such conference in which I arose to speak on schedule—even when I have travelled several hundred miles to meet the appointment as the invited speaker. It is almost a modern axiom that wherever there is a speaker there are preliminaries, and where there are preliminaries they are deadly.

**Y**OU can think of exceptions. So can I. I recall having heard a Rotarian describe his visits to a number of European Rotary Clubs. Of international prominence in the Rotary movement, he was the chief speaker at most of these meetings. At one a strange thing happened. First came a long and leisurely luncheon. Then demitasse and cigars served in another room. In due course the Club President arose to report on plans for an excursion the Club was to make, and to acknowledge the fact that the Club was privileged today to be host to a distinguished Rotarian. That was all he said. There was a great pause and all eyes turned to the visitor.



Charles M. Sheldon has written 35 books, but of them all *In His Steps* (1896) is best known. Indeed, excepting the *Bible*, it has been the world's best seller. Dr. Sheldon is a Congregational minister in Topeka, Kansas, once edited the *Christian Herald*, and is still writing for it. He is an honorary Rotarian.

## Sheldon Tips . . .



### TO CHAIRMEN

1. PLAN your programs.
2. Make every item—even entertainment—contribute to the program theme.
3. Cut announcements to the bone. Dramatize those that must be presented.
4. Develop a time sense. Forewarn all speakers and entertainers that they are to have exactly so many minutes, no more. Sorry! And that includes encores.
5. Give your speaker a chance. Start him at the appointed hour—even if you have to make quick cuts.



### TO SPEAKERS

1. Have something to say. Say it slowly, naturally, and interestingly.
2. Don't clown, unless clowning is your forte. Skip the funny story if you are not at ease as a raconteur.
3. Don't worry! Few speeches are worth that . . . though all are worth your best.
4. Leave notes at home.
5. Keep handkerchief in pocket—not at nose.
6. Develop a time sense. Insist that you start on time. Then return the favor by stopping on time.



### TO AUDIENCES

1. Get there on time . . . and plan to see it through.
2. Nurse coughing spells in the subbasement.
3. If speaker is patently dull, sit still and dream. He may get better. He won't with a general exodus.
4. Don't be a hair-trigger applauder. Speakers usually pause when they want approval.
5. Don't bound toward exit at speaker's last word. Try hearing what the chairman has been mumbling in conclusion all these years.

At length, betraying his surprise, he got the idea. He was expected to introduce himself.

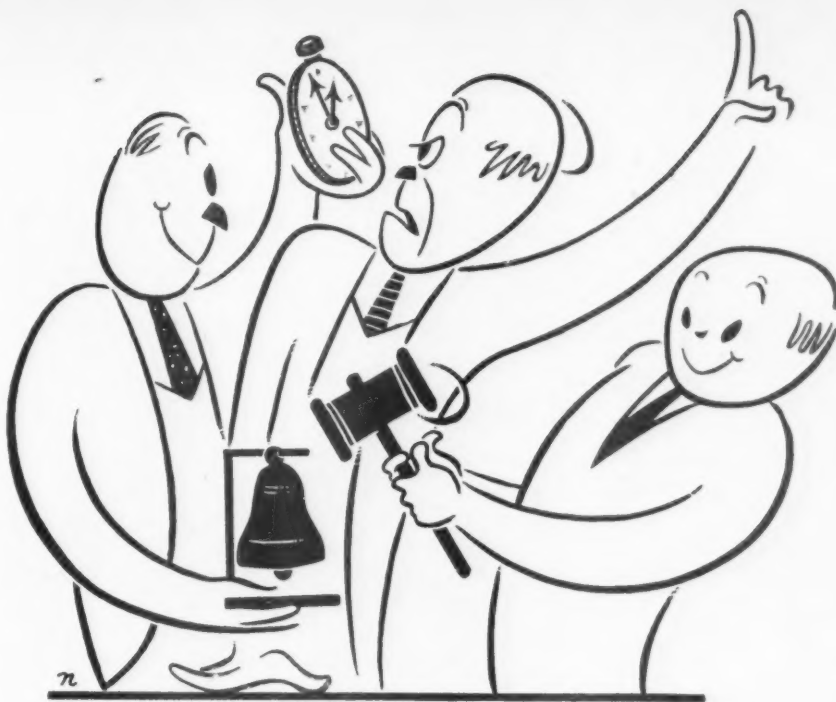
Most Rotary Clubs, as a matter of fact, cut the preliminaries to bare essentials. The Rotary Club of Paris (we wonder what has become of its fine men) had an idea worth widespread emulation, especially among the larger Clubs. Instead of introducing each of the many weekly visitors, it took their names as they came in, and handed to every diner a mimeographed list of all visitors, giving also their classifications and addresses. Many of the Rotary Clubs I have visited compress all announcements into a printed page placed beside each plate.

During the taking of the 1940 National Census, Payne Ratner, Governor of Kansas, was a guest at our Rotary Club. By prearrangement, he posed as a census taker and, for the amusement of the membership, asked me many a question about my life. It was also prearranged that we should be the only speakers, that we should have as much time as we wished. We closed two minutes before the 1:30 deadline—even having given members ample time to query the census taker. I cite that instance, however immodestly, to show that it is possible to practice what you preach.

Most Rotary Clubs save 30 minutes for their main speaker. That, I hold, is generous. I have come to feel that 20 minutes is long enough for almost any address. The great Spurgeon would have disagreed with me, for he felt 30 minutes too confining. In his great church in London I once heard him say, "I have but half an hour to wake the dead."

I am tempted to draw up a set of do's and don'ts for program planners—but I won't, except for those opposite. Instead I shall let two stories do the job for me.

In a Florida city several years ago a minister asked me to preach for him on Sunday evening. I accepted. The meeting began at 7 o'clock. The service unreeling in this order: an organ recital, a solo, an anthem, a responsive reading, another anthem, another solo, a number of notices, a long prayer by another guest minister, and then the offering. During the last, the minister leaned over to



SPEAK past your time in the "P. S. A. Club" and you get the gong—and no more invitations.

me and asked, "Would you be willing to cut your sermon a little short so that the people can get home to hear Major Bowes?"

I looked at the clock unconcerned in the pulpit. It read 7:40. I got up, spoke seven minutes, and sat down—so the people could get home in time to hear the Major. But perhaps I passed up a very good thing. I should, at least, have asked for a can of the brand of coffee the Major was then "selling." I gave him 1,500 listeners that night.

**T**HE other story is this: Among the many little informal societies in London is one called the Pleasant Sunday Afternoon, better known as the P.S.A. I used to visit it often, and I should not be surprised to hear if it has gone right on meeting through all the blitzes on the city. At any rate, the program of the P.S.A. used to last exactly one hour. Each part of it was accorded a fixed number of minutes. If the speaker or the pipe organ or any other part ran over its time, the chairman rang a bell. If still there was no end, the chairman rang once more, and whoever spoke to the second bell was never invited again. I'm happy to say that I never "got the bell."

Just recently I came across an epigram which I urge all program

chairmen and all speakers, too, to hang in a prominent place in their minds. It is this: "He who speaks by the yard thinks by the inch, and should be dealt with by the foot."

#### Planks for Your Platform

For Those Who Would Read On—

**End Note** What his mouthful of pebbles did for Demosthenes, public-speaking classes and clubs are now doing for moderns. In *Future Magazine* for August, 1940, Robert Littell tells of a small club of businessmen banded solely to improve their speaking. *The Reader's Digest* reprinted the story in August, 1940. Rotary Clubs themselves are unexcelled speech laboratories—and have made poised platform giants of shy mumbling pygmies.

To emphasize that opportunity, THE ROTARIAN has presented many an earlier article on better speaking, such as *Weeds That Grow on Platforms*, Strickland Gillilan, May, 1940; *A Speaker Speaks His Mind*, Carl Fearing Schultz, December, 1939; *Making Your Words Count*, Charles M. Sheldon, November, 1939; *'Goin' to Town' Vocaly*, J. L. Waller, November, 1937.

In the book field—if you want to venture into it—you may find these three just what you want: *Tested Public Speaking*, Elmer Wheeler (Prentice Hall, 1939, \$2), *Practical Business Speaking*, William P. Sandford and Willard H. Yeager (McGraw-Hill, 1937, \$3), *Basic Principles of Speech*, Lew R. Sarett and William Trufant Foster (Houghton Mifflin, 1936, \$2.50). The first points up the "sizzle" theory; the second gets down to actual techniques of business conferences; the third is a college text also useful to others.





**W**ITH a nation's chief occupation that of producing manpower capable of earning a living and defending the country, it is worth while to look into an unfamiliar corner of life—a department to reclaim and salvage and regenerate human beings.

*In it can be found a cheering story. . . .*

Little Robert's family never could understand why or how he was different from other children. That whooping cough in his second year had been serious, but everybody had forgotten it—he looked healthy. He had a pleasant smile. The sad truth was that he simply could not learn. He was mentally deficient.

It became more and more difficult to manage Robert. When authorities finally stepped in and said the boy would have to go to an institution, his mother's heart nearly broke. Nothing like that had ever happened in her family. She felt disgraced. Robert's father, a fine young man with clean blood and a clean conscience, was resentful. Why had this trouble come to them?

Robert's father and mother didn't know that such difficulties are fairly common. Some are due to psychological factors. Some stem from minute brain injuries at birth, or to early diseases or accidents. Not all cases of slow learn-

ing or failure to develop normally are the products of heredity or parents' diseases—far from it! Feeble-minded children come even to well-favored and clean-living families. Few of these difficult children are mentally deficient. Fewer still need go to an institution. Even if they do, their situation is not hopeless.

To find out what can be done for the feeble-minded child I went to Northville, Michigan, ten miles from the Detroit city limits. There Rotarian Robert H. Haskell, medical superintendent of the Wayne County Training School, one of the most progressive of its kind in the United States, has a cheering story to tell—a story of regenerated lives, of shattered families rejoined in love, of blighted youngsters being turned into useful citizens by the magic of an understanding hand.

The Wayne County Training School is surrounded by 1,000 acres of woods and farmlands. Its population of approximately 700 students is two-thirds boys, one-third girls. Age at entry is rarely below 8, seldom above 15. On the average the children leave about three years after entry. Here, high-grade defectives of the type once pushed aside by society as hopeless and useless are being trained to earn a living, handle

their affairs, and become useful citizens.

The School is organized on the cottage plan, with about 50 children to a cottage, each with its own director. Here for the first time a bewildered youngster like little Robert finds himself surrounded by children no larger and no smarter than himself. He begins to develop self-confidence. Everything is done to help him to become adjusted socially. Once he learns to live with other children, his progress in other fields is often amazing.

Dr. Haskell and his staff of psychologists and psychiatrists don't leave matters to chance. As soon as a child begins to feel at home, his problem is thoroughly studied and scientifically diagnosed.

The standard I. Q. (intelligence quotient) is obtained on the Terman modification of the original Binet-Simon tests. Similar quotients are found on

## Backward

A Michigan School Speeds

performance and educational achievement tests. In special cases the School uses new tests as well.

Tests are ingenious and colorful, because in dealing with children of this type, research must be conducted as a game, or they grow fearful and sullen. Too, the tests are contrived to avoid embarrassing the child in any way. If he gives a wrong answer to a question, no one laughs, and the test goes on just the same. The youngster learns to trust the examiner rather than to fear him.

One test, for example, places him in front of a machine which winds a roll of paper across a drum marked by two ink pens. He sits in a chair and places the forefinger of each hand on a round pad covering a rubber bulb. A staff psychologist reads a list of 100 key words: table, book, man, horse, black, and so on. The child is told to give some associated word—for table it might be food, meal, chair, rug, house, breakfast, etc. If he experiences mental stress or motor nervousness, the pressure of his fingers jiggles the ink stylus. The examiner meanwhile marks with a telegraph key on the moving roll of paper the reaction time the child takes to answer each question.

A normal child enjoys a test like this as he enjoys a new toy. Some mentally disturbed children cannot find natural words that have some association with the words named and so hide behind words borrowed from their immediate surroundings. They may give any words whatever—ceiling, walls, window. They

citizens.  
cottage,  
for the  
or 'like  
unded  
marter  
p self-  
o help  
Once  
en, his  
azing,  
ychol-  
e mat-  
egins  
rough-  
osed,  
e quo-  
modi-  
Simon  
nd on

may take an unusually long time to answer. The test shows how they think and aids the examiner in determining the nature of their problem and in deciding what should be done about it.

"It is no part of our philosophy that we expect to put brains where the good Lord didn't put them in the first place," Dr. Haskell points out. The children of the School usually are able to go back to their home communities as rational and normal individuals, and in their studies to progress to the fourth or fifth grade. That's tremendous. "Did you ever realize," challenges Dr. Haskell, "that you need only a fourth-grade education to make a living?"

Many Training School graduates indeed do better in later life than the average citizen. Many go to the Ford Trade School or try to better themselves

# Children

Speed Mind... By Fred B. Barton

by attending evening courses. Many are known to hold jobs of some responsibility in Detroit industries. Others have been accepted for service in the armed forces of the United States. *Isn't it worth while to salvage this manpower?* Yet just a few years ago physically healthy youngsters like this, sound except for some *correctible* twist inside their brain, would have gone to the scrap heap.

These brain-injured children cannot concentrate. Sometimes indeed they cannot fully coordinate. Not that they don't have imagination! Indeed, one difficulty is that they wander off into a phantasy of their own and forget what they started out for.

Psychiatrists at Northville start these youngsters making simple things with their hands. For example, they take a flat sheet of thin metal punched with uniform round holes and place it over a piece of white paper. "Here," they say to the child, "is colored crayon. Now fill in each round hole with crayon." Simple? Of course! But it is a first step in teaching concentration and coordination of eye and hand.

The piece of paper with its round colored splotches is not thrown into the wastebasket, but the next day it is handed to someone else for further work; this child, for instance, might count the splotches. Thus each youngster finds he is not wasting time; rather, he is doing something useful. The schoolwork ceases to be merely schoolwork and takes on an increasing impor-

Photos: Wayne County Training School



USEFUL ARTS, requiring the coordination of hands and mind, act as a therapeutic agent and help children to fit themselves for useful lives in useful trades.



SOME CHILDREN find that outdoor farmwork or care of farm animals is more to their liking than the manual arts. There is a place for these pupils in school and in life.

tance that awakens appreciation in his mind.

Later the children can fill in squares and triangles even when the metal or cardboard pattern is removed. They begin to observe and to copy. Improvement is on the way.

The education of the mentally handicapped child is a painstaking process. With normal children, shortcuts can be used. Most textbooks and school helps are designed for normal children. But with subnormal children, one patient step after another must be traced and nothing omitted.

As far as possible, however, the text-

has a job to do. Each must make a worth-while contribution to the group—and that goes for school activities, too. "Good helpers" are commended, while unruly ones are silently punished by having their names on the "good helpers chart" turned to the wall. The youngsters themselves do the deciding every week.

Each boy has his own open-front locker to hold his few treasures. A colored postcard on his birthday from the local Rotary Club, perhaps. A picture book. Some snapshots from home. Maybe a baseball glove. When anything disappears from a boy's locker, the cot-



PET BIRDS and animals sometimes prove the guides that lead children, even the more difficult ones, from the tangled way of thinking to the orderly social balance they lacked.

books and the books in the School library deal with practical matters. Older boys read about such things as filling stations and factories and stores, so they will see a purpose in what they are being taught. The classroom work merges naturally into vocational training—cobbling, machine-shop practice, barbering, printing, carpentry work, helping on the farm. Girls learn sewing, cooking, beauty-shop work, baby care, planning of meals, etc. Standards are high. A young man who learns his trade here can generally step right into a regular job on the outside, as soon as the School finds he is ready.

Social adjustments, of course, are fully as important as book learning. In fact, because many of these boys and girls have had a brush with the law before coming to the School, it is frequently necessary to wean a youngster from his "jungle" and make him or her a civilized and friendly member of society.

Step into the cottage for the youngest boys. It is lunchtime. The lads selected as waiters or helpers for the week stand in a straight line while everyone repeats a brief blessing. Next week there will be a new group of waiters. Everyone

tage director holds immediate court and the culprit is soon discovered. In no time a slip-fingered youngster finds that his friends turn against him if he steals. Also, why steal when your belongings are perfectly safe?

Downstairs in the large playroom and workroom the boys have whittled toy boats, one for each boy, and painted them in gaudy colors to suit themselves. They have also made a Punch and Judy show and created their own actors from bits of clay and pieces of cloth.

Through the careful months of a child's regeneration, his family is urged to keep in close touch with him. A large number of children get Summer vacations and many go home on week-end visits. The School calls at the home before such visits and suggests how the youngster should be handled so as to help along his recovery. Periodically a social worker calls at each child's home and reports on the progress being made. Dr. Haskell has one inflexible rule: If a youngster will be as well off at home as he is at the Training School, then he is *better off* at home. There is no attempt to supplant mother and father, but rather to strengthen the ties of home.

How does it all work out?

Well, in 1938 the Training School made a survey of boys who returned to the community prior to July 1, 1933. Forty-three percent were found to be totally self-supporting, and about half of these were helping to support someone else. Twenty-nine percent were partly self-supporting. In other words, 72 percent were earning all or part of their living!

There was Carl, for example—an abandoned child who had failed of adoption because of low intelligence and an unpleasant personality. Carl lied, he stole, he was mean. He seemed hopeless. But the School found him to be fond of pets and eager to work with his hands. By giving him work he enjoyed, it brought his I.Q. up to 86, then to 94, well within the normal zone. Carl left the School and got a job—and held it.

August liked to run away. He wouldn't stick to anything. He made no effort to be a friend or to hold friends. Almost everyone at the Training School had about given him up as hopeless when Dr. Haskell gave him one last chance. He persuaded the boys in the self-determining cottage to take him in, hoping that in this special community within a community where the boys govern themselves something would happen to challenge August's ambition. Dr. Haskell was right. When August decided to show the other boys he could be as likable as any of them, his progress began. When he ceased to carry a chip on his shoulder, he began to find the world a very human place, and quickly fit himself into it.

Dora at 16 had been brought before the juvenile court three times as delinquent and promiscuous. It took patience to soften her rebellious spirit and reform her antisocial tendencies. But she graduated from the School three years later as a normal young woman. Today she is married and has her own home.

"But doesn't it cost a lot of money?" someone asks. It does. Dr. Haskell's costs per child are somewhat higher than those of large State institutions. But these institutions expect to pay and keep on paying through the entire life of the patient. Isn't it more economical to pay a larger sum for three years and really do something for the children?

Dr. Haskell speaks feelingly on this point. His entire career has been spent in the field of the mentally unfit. He was for a time superintendent of an institution for the criminally insane where one out of every six inmates had committed murder. That is why he yearns to salvage youthful human material while there is still time. Neglect it and you have trouble makers, perhaps lookouts for a gang of thieves, perhaps a fertile field for "fifth columnists" and malcontents. One dares not be passive in the face of such danger.





## Billy Phelps Speaking

IF YOU MISSED that extraordinarily frank article *The Point Is—*, by Lord Halifax, in the June ROTARIAN, look it up and read it carefully.

Britain's distinguished Ambassador put his long finger on something often overlooked on both sides of the Atlantic when he dressed down his countrymen and mine who assume too much simply because we speak what passes for the same language. I also liked and seconded his opening words on the significance of the Rotary movement. And my friends who attended Rotary's Convention at Toronto in June assure me the Ambassador proved himself a prophet in his forecast of a bettered understanding between United Statesers (a horrible word, but who can suggest a better one?) and our British Empire "cousins."

Anglo-American relations were never more important than at this moment, as discerning writers and thinkers realize. At the precise moment when Somerset Maugham's article on why Americans dislike the British appeared in *The Saturday Evening Post*, the London *Spectator* had an article by Harold Nicolson on "the nature of anti-British feeling in America today"; and in the same issue appeared an article by another Englishman, William Paton, called *Appreciating America*. Mr. Paton, who has visited the United States recently and has lived in India, calls upon the British people to realize the greatness of America and the supreme importance of American alliance with Britain in the war. His article is full of praise for the U.S.A., but the most significant sentence is perhaps this: "We realize it [this alliance] now, but it still seems true that there is little emotional response to it. There is nothing even remotely corresponding to the enthusiasm with which our Russian ally is universally regarded, although our fortunes have been bound up with the support of the United States much longer than with Russia."

Perhaps the novelty of the Russian alliance helps to explain the enthusiasm. For the same thing is true in America: the recognition of Russia as an ally is more vocal in enthusiasm in the United States than that accorded to the British commonwealths.

But the best minds in Britain and the best minds in the United States know

how necessary it is that there should be absolute good feeling and understanding between both nations. Suppose, as the vast majority of earth's inhabitants then believed would happen, Hitler in the Summer of 1940 had made a successful invasion of England. Where would the United States be now? The British and the Americans are one family; and naturally more jealousies arise than between either of them and some other nation. They know each other's faults; all they know of stranger nations is that they have faults.

The undercurrent of dislike of so many Americans for the British, discussed by Mr. Maugham in his article, is largely owing to the difference in temperament. It is the superficial which is always the most obvious. And I think this difference is caused mainly by the climate. Americans are accustomed to bright sunshine even in the Winter. It was not until I was 38 years old, and spent a Winter in Europe, that I realized there was any difference between Summer and Winter except in temperature. A typical January day in New York is sharply cold, but with a cloudless sky. In Europe, drizzle. And, as I have said before, the difference between the two nations is expressed in two words; the American runs for Congress, the Englishman stands for Parliament. So in everything: fashions in humor, greeting of strangers when travelling, expression of appreciation at being shown something.

During the last war John Galsworthy found it necessary to write an essay explaining America to England; and in

his article, Mr. Paton quotes the great scholar from Cambridge University, whom I happen to know very well, Professor T. R. Glover, who said, "The Americans may talk big about America, but they don't talk as big as it is." Both generous and true; and I might truthfully add, "The British don't talk big about Britain, but she has the biggest history of any nation, ancient or modern."

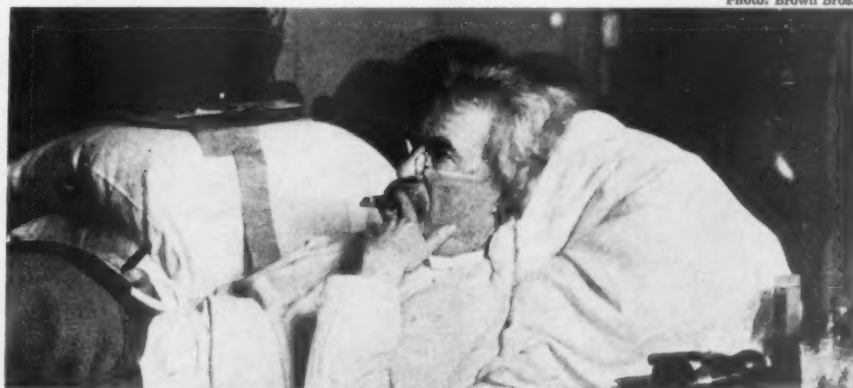
Let us use all our capacity for dislike against our enemies, not against our friends.

\*\*\*

Bernard De Voto, the foremost living authority on Mark Twain, has written an extremely valuable book called *Mark Twain at Work*, illustrated with photographs and facsimiles, and full of new material. Much as I admire Mr. Van Wyck Brooks's other works, his main thesis in his book on Mark Twain seems to me completely mistaken, and I think Mr. De Voto has proved it to be just that. Everyone who is interested in the great American novelist—and who is not?—should read this new book; it throws so much new light on its hero, and the chapter "The Symbols of Despair" has the best explanation of Mark's terrible pessimism that I have seen. Mark's notebooks here printed are exciting reading. I know that *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* is inferior to *Huckleberry Finn*, but I have never before seen the reasons for it so well stated.

In 1904, I asked Mark Twain which he thought was his greatest book, and he replied with a question, "What do you think?" Of course I replied,

Photo: Brown Bros.



NOTE CAREFULLY this picture of Mark Twain. It is outstanding in photographic annals, for the heaped pillow makes the outline of a small child whispering to the beloved author.

"Huckleberry Finn." After some hesitation and evident reluctance, he expressed agreement. He did not really believe it.

Why was it that this world genius was not generally so regarded until less than ten years before his death? Because he was a humorist. Yet it is more difficult to write great works of humor than to write great tragedies; and the easiest thing in the world is to be serious. Calvin Coolidge, class humorist when an undergraduate at Amherst, said he observed that humorists never get anywhere, and he decided never to be funny again. In spite of himself, humor rose to the surface occasionally. When he was in the legislature (General Court) in Massachusetts, another member (in session) asked him whether the people where he came from said, "A hen lays, or a hen lies," and Mr. Coolidge replied, "The people where I come from lift her up to see."

\* \* \*

It takes courage as well as skill and enterprise to be a good journalist; and I wish that someone after this war is over would write the history of the various American war correspondents. They are often in the thick of the fighting, in addition to suffering terrible hardships month after month. One of the best of these—a man of action and a man of letters—is Quentin Reynolds, and his new book, *Only the Stars Are Neutral*, gives a vivid day-by-day account of his adventures in various European hot spots, and in Europe, Asia, Africa. Not the least of his troubles was having dysentery in a remote Russian town, in a huge crowded caravan-serial where nearly everybody else had the same disease and there was only one bathroom.

As far as general conditions in Russia are concerned, the comparative happiness of the people under Stalin's regime, the practical working of socialism or communism, it is simply impossible for people living in America to discover the truth; and apparently just as difficult for trained American observers who go there. I have read a large number of books and articles about Russia written by Americans, and the result is that the people are all happy and contented, that they are miserable and nearly starving, that communism works well, that it has failed and is no more practiced, that everybody has plenty of food, that there are long bread lines, that crowds of Russians go to Christian churches publicly and frequently, that religious worship is forbidden and the cathedrals plastered with comic cartoons, and what you will. Russia is a huge country and it depends somewhat on where you go and whom you see. It is a world in itself; and there are parts of the actual world that are comfortable and parts that are horrible. It is like life: one man looks at life and is an atheist and

a pessimist, and another, with the same general material as a basis for belief, is a Christian and an optimist.

Quentin Reynolds is a first-rate newspaperman, and I advise everyone to read his book and for two reasons: it is a keenly interesting narrative of innumerable comic and tragic adventures, and it is a revelation that courage and endurance are the real basis of many articles that we read in an armchair.

I am not saying that English is necessarily any better than American, but remember in quoting speeches by Englishmen they always say "got" instead of "gotten" and "dived" instead of "dove." An American writer quoted the present English King as saying "gotten," which aroused mirth in London. In 1611 King James said "gotten," and the word came safely over the sea to America. But 20th Century British says "got."

I am glad that so shrewd an observer as Quentin Reynolds believes that the English people won the Battle of Britain by their serene endurance.

\* \* \*

On our trip down the Ohio River last March we spent an afternoon in Paducah, Kentucky, and there we stood in front of the house where Irvin S. Cobb was born. Some months later I found in Ripley's "Believe It or Not" a picture of this street with this statement:

"Paducah's Famous Street, Third Street in the City of Paducah, Kentucky. Charles Dickens, General U. S. Grant, General Sherman, General Lew Wallace, Commodore Andy Foote, and Aaron Burr lived on it. So did Capt. Jack Lawson, who built the first R. R. engine, and Captain Jack Sleeth, inventor of the submarine cable. Also the writers Paul Twitchell, Mary Lanier Magruder, Fred Newman, and Editor Joseph Phillips—and here was born Irvin S. Cobb."

And it is with deep sorrow that I record that our friend, young Billy Sims of Paducah, one of the pilots on our boat between Louisville and New Orleans, with whom we spent an afternoon in his own town and an evening in Memphis, and whom we admired so much, was killed in an automobile accident in June.

*Fair Is Our Land*, designed and edited by the artist Samuel Chamberlain, is a book that would adorn any home and give delight to young and old, today and a century hence. This is a square book of pictures which reveal America the Beautiful much better than any words could do. When I think of my native land, I call it America the Comfortable, because its people have more comforts Winter and Summer than any other country since the year 4004 B.C. Louis XIV had splendor instead of comfort. Americans take luxuries for granted. There is one automobile for every four persons living in the United States, including children. I saw a row of small two-family houses being built, and there

were two garages to every house. Taking away automobiles from Americans is crippling them; but they will endure it if necessary.

But America the Comfortable is also America the Beautiful; and if you have any doubt of it, open this book. It seems to me that anyone who opens it will want to buy it. The pictures show lovely villages in New England, sublime scenes in the Yosemite, wheat fields in Ohio, old homes in the deep South, the breaking waves dashing high on the Western and Eastern coasts. Mr. Chamberlain has skill in creative work and in selection shows exquisite taste.

\* \* \*

Robert Nathan, master of the short novel, has done it again in *The Sea-Gull Cry*. He is fundamentally a poet, shown in the beautiful cadences of his prose. It must be difficult for him to restrain his humor, of which he has plenty, and which for once he let flow unrestrainedly in that gorgeous masterpiece *The Enchanted Voyage*, where the man ran away from home in a land ship with sails that took him below Philadelphia. But most of his books have a poignant charm that leaves in the reader's mind an afterglow. This love story of Cape Cod has a contemporary interest: the routine American teacher comes in contact with two refugees. Of course, I am delighted with this book; I like everything Mr. Nathan writes. How could I help it? Rosemary Benét expresses my feeling when she says, "Better a slight book by Robert Nathan than a heavier book by another hand."

\* \* \*

Those who have visited Europe before and between the World Wars must often have wondered what city life was like in the 18th Century. What kind of streets did they have? How did they dress? What and when did they eat? And what were their amusements? Now as far as London is concerned, the ideal book has appeared. It is written by an able scholar whose descriptions are reliable, but who also knows how to write in a charming and persuasive way. The book consists of three lectures, first delivered at Brown University in 1941, and is called *Three Tours through London in the Years 1748, 1776, 1797*. The author is Wilmarth Sheldon Lewis, whose monumental edition of the Letters of Horace Walpole is in process of publication. In this little book the author imagines himself revisiting London in the three years he mentions. Some of the sights are appalling; others are delightful; all are interesting.

\* \* \*

**Books mentioned, publishers and prices:**  
*Only the Stars Are Neutral*, Quentin Reynolds (Random House, \$2.50).—*Fair Is Our Land*, edited by Samuel Chamberlain (Hastings House, \$5).—*The Sea-Gull Cry*, Robert Nathan (Knopf, \$2).—*Mark Twain at Work*, Bernard DeVoto (Harvard University Press, \$2).—*Three Tours through London in the Years 1748, 1776, 1797*, W. S. Lewis (Yale University Press, \$2.50).



Photo: Harris & Ewing



## Your Boys—in Uniform

*Twelve Employees of Rotary's Central Offices Who Are in the Armed Services of the U. S. A.*

**O**NLY yesterday, so to speak, these 12 men were working for you and for all Rotarians at desks and typewriters in Rotary's Central Offices at Chicago. Today, in the uniforms of the United States Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, they are serving a world cause as fighting men. Four of their fellow staffers have recently joined them—and will be presented later. You may judge of the caliber of these 16 men by this: Every one of them who has been in the service more than a month has won promotion!



(1) Staff Sergeant Edward J. Tadda, Field Artillery (Central Office stockroom); (2) Aviation Cadet James Grey, Army Air Force (stockroom); (3) Officer Candidate Franz E. Krell, Marine Corps Reserve (Program Department); (4) Lieutenant (Senior Grade) George Means, Naval Reserve (Service to Board); (5) Ensign Hal Strass, Coast Guard Reserve—photo taken before promotion (Publicity Department); (6) Officer Candidate Harry Stewart, Army Air Force (Service to Clubs).

(7) Aviation Cadet Donald E. Collins, Army Air Force (Central Office Program Department); (8) Private First Class Richard R. Alderson, Army (Service to Clubs); (9) Corporal Worthington Ely, Tank Corps—Armored Forces (The Rotarian, Circulation); (10) Corporal Robert L. Strauss, Medical Training Group (Service to Clubs); (11) Second Lieutenant William M. Giuntoli, Army (Official Directory Service); (12) Technical Sergeant Marlin K. Tabb, Field Artillery (Central Office Filing Section).







Cartoons by  
John Norment

# The Bare Facts

## By Dr. Lemuel P. Ereaux\*

sweat when it stands in beads on your brow. It isn't the heat, you know, it's the humidity!

Not only is the skin a covering and a cooling system—it is also a wall against infection. No germ penetration can be effected without a break in the skin. And these cuts and tears are mended from within. Small breaks are invisibly repaired, but a large cut will be repaired by a tough fabric called "scar tissue."

Boils and pimples are infections of the skin. There have been many fads and fashions in their cure. Drastic surgical treatment of the home-grown variety—squeezing—may open new avenues for germs. One school of treatment was to turn the inoffensive stomach into a brewer's vat, and many a patient endured flatulence from yeast as a way to a fairer countenance. Today, vaccine and sulfanilamide compounds, both under proper medical direction, offer a much better hope for a speedy recovery.

The razor is a great enemy of the skin; a tiny slip often opens a breach in the walls for invading germs. And "barber's itch" is more often home-grown than the fault of the tonsorialist.

Perhaps man wouldn't be so proud if he realized that his nails, growing from the skin layers, correspond to the claws of animals and birds or the hoofs of cattle and horses. Man's hair corresponds to the feathers of birds, and falling hair is frequently no more than natural molting!

While man's natural suit does not collect moths, *parasites* do get into the folds. Archaeologists have found nits on the heads of the Pharaohs. The louse, the tick, the flea, have thrived through the centuries—always demanding *lebensraum*. Some of them camp in the hair, others prefer great open spaces of the body.

During the last war the body louse caused 800,000 of the Allied troops to be invalidated out with trench fever. Over 2 million Russians alone succumbed to louse-borne typhus infection. More than once does history record campaigns lost, not on the battlefields, but behind the

lines by disease disseminated by infected lice.

As Bobbie Burns pointed out poetically, these pests are no respecter of persons. In Pepys' time even the members of the court unwillingly entertained these guests. They prefer a tender skin of a Lydia Languish to the horny cuticle of a tramp. If you get ill, feverish, and hot, they will desert you for a normal-temperature host. The itch mite of *scabies*, too, infects quite as many of the well-to-do as relievers.

Your skin suit also may be host to barnacles. Perhaps that picture is inexact, for we are talking about fungi—ringworms, to the layman. There are hundreds of these and they lie in wait for a chance to attack hair, skin, or nails—any or all of them.

Athlete's foot is one of these. General knowledge has been widely spread by a manufacturer of a cure—which has done this much good, if naught else. It is easy to get, but hard to cure. Your cherished patch of eczema may be just a result of some such garden patch within the skin. It is a vegetable and likes a moist, warm, well-sugared soil. When you are overtired, overheated, and I may say overeaten, watch it grow! Seeking a cure, restrict your starches, your sugars, and your alcohol. Don't feed the foe that bites you!



**T**HIS IS TO BE an article about a profession that parallels the suit-and-cloak industry, matches the varnish manufacturer's slogan "Save the surface and you save all," and has been classed with the plumbing trades.

It is the skin game.

For man's skin can be called his natural suiting; skin health and beauty are more than skin deep; and through the skin run miles of tiny pipes and waste-elimination canals.

This outward fabric with which we are all encased is a truly marvellous suit: elastic, protective. It takes on—as what suit does not?—bad bulges and folds with the passing years, especially when the *waist* spaces are allowed to increase. It comes in varying shades, and, as a rule, the darker the tone, the more durable the fabric. The brunette will stand wind and weather better.

The skin is perfectly waterproof. Perspiration passes out, but practically no water can get in, else one would become bloated and waterlogged after a swim. Yet the pores, which are sealed with a natural oily secretion against water coming in, but not going out, must be kept open. In the Middle Ages children were sometimes gilded all over for religious pageantry. Angels they were, and angels they often became, for a perfect paint job meant the sealing of their pores—and that spells death.

The pores are also a part of an air-conditioning system. The rate of evaporation of the sweat is the index of the rate of cooling of the body. That is, when the sweat evaporates rapidly, the body cools rapidly. So don't blame the

\*Dr. Ereaux is a member of the Rotary Club of Montreal, Quebec, Canada, and clinical professor of dermatology, McGill University, Montreal.



Skin irritations are many, and very troublesome, too. Nerve fatigue and emotions account for many of them. Blushes, blanches, and blotches are frequently reactions to nerve reactions.

Doctors and nurses often suffer "scrub-up dermatitis," which is an irritation of the skin due to disinfectants necessary for their trade. A bartender suffered agonies until he learned to avoid touching the essential oil in lemon peel.

Those intimate underthings of the ladies occasionally print astounding patterns of blotchy rash on the parts covered, and the wearing of new or dyed dresses may make festive occasions a memory for days and itchy, sleepless nights. The lady of leisure is exposed to more skin irritations from soaps, household cleaners, and polishes than is many a workman. She tempts fate, too, by "gilding the lily" with cosmetics—and receives rouge and powder burns for her pains.

The fad of costume jewelry brought in its wake a train of skin eruptions. But the prize story is one told by a confrere of mine. After a whirlwind courtship, a millionaire New Yorker swept a Southern belle off her feet and in record time placed an engagement ring on her finger. Then an eruption broke out on her hand—and the engagement collapsed when it was discovered she was allergic to nickel! Suspect your eyeglasses, garters, or small change if you have a patch of eczema where these touch your skin.

It is generally conceded that if a man bites a dog, it's news. But what if a man's false teeth bite him? We once had such a case, where a denture printed its pattern by an eruption on gums and palate. To prove the fault, the plate was strapped to the forearm overnight—and the next day a perfect print of teeth and plate showed up. The dye used to tint the denture was the offending agent.

The skin, as an organ of the body, is

subject to certain growths, many of them innocent. But beware of the non-healing sore or the colored mole that suddenly starts to grow! Cancer may be behind that activity. Skin cancers offer the best chances of cure of any of the cancerous growths, for they are visible, accessible, and, generally, slow growing. Surgery, radium, or X ray soon dispose of them.

The way of the allergic person is tough and hard. One man's food is generally two others' poison. Not a few of us can testify that strawberries, grapes, apples, or oysters can bring about allergic reactions—hives, eczema, asthma, bronchitis, hay fever, sick headaches, and sick tummies are some of the results. But most people are surprised to learn that cereals, milk, eggs, meat, or even potatoes are ofttime criminals. Skin reactions are used to show the villains, and it is a sad fact that allergies tend to run in families. Doubly cursed may be the child of two allergic parents.

Noxious weeds and grasses play



pranks on the skin. Walk carefully in the country—and sit cautiously on the grassy slope. The spiked three-leaf of the poison ivy brings its finder no luck at all. But even our hothouse plants are guilty poisoners to some. Primroses, daffodils, and hyacinths, to name a few, give off more than perfume. To those allergic, swollen hands and faces may result.

This sort of allergy is most unfair, for some may freely handle with impunity while others break out even on entering a room where the offending plant is blooming. Sensitization once acquired is not easily lost, but the fallacy that poison ivy returns each seven years is without basis. Fresh contact must be made each year to provoke the eruption.

Drugs taken internally sometimes produce surprising results. The unfortunate reactor may be bewildered by his crop of pimples, until some wise doctor discovers that they result from

some bromide pick-me-up or new salty nerve tonic, to name but two. Your sleeping pill may give you nights of rest—and days of scratching. Some laxatives and even some toothpastes may tattoo your skin with indelible markings!

For skin disorders, we sometimes fix the diet by ordering the patient off the Seven Deadly C's—cocktails, coffee, chocolate, condiments, carbohydrates, cigarettes, and cheese. We often add an admonition to take an alcohol holiday.

The most dangerous of contaminations to man's birthday suit is that of syphilis. The *American Public Health Journal* has aptly defined this scourge as one of the most prevalent, pernicious, economically wasteful, and communicable of all diseases, with ravaging physical results. I am glad to say that the heroic pioneering work of Surgeon General Thomas Parran, of the United States Public Health Service, has rendered it just another disease—rather easy to diagnose and with good chances of cure.

Many cases of this disease are contracted innocently and many infected people have no knowledge of their condition. Were the blood test universally employed, it would give early diagnosis and prevent the sufferings of many sick people who know only that they are, now, under par. Especially, there should be blood tests for expectant mothers, for no child need be born diseased if the infected expectant mother is given 12 arsenical injections, definitely spaced.

Well, gentle reader, there you have it—the bare facts on the skin game. You can play it and win—if you remember your skin's comfort depends largely on the way you treat yourself. It is with you for life, and it not only is necessary to health and happiness, but it also can be the source of your greatest pleasure, for—

*To scratch the skin when it really itches*

*Gives greater joy than untold riches.*





The Scratchpad Man reviews the spruce Young Highlanders of Toronto, officially known as—

## The Rotary Youth Training Corps

**T**IS A BRAW bricht monlicht nicht t'nicht, is it nae, ma mon?"

I spun around. I had been taking a long last post-Convention look at Toronto from my hotel-room window. What interloper, Scot or not, was this who had loped into my room and my reverie? It was my boss, the Editor . . . fingering a green plaid necktie.

"Hoot, mon!" I whooped. "'Tis a braw nicht for our homeward journey. When do we start?"

"You don't, laddie," he answered. My jaw fell open . . . and before I got it shut a taxi had deposited me at the Armories on University Avenue. I was here "to get the story of the Rotary Youth Training Corps—Toronto's 'Young Highlanders.'"

Here before me was my story. On the boot-hardened parade ground, an army of 360 lean, sober-jawed youths—some in khaki, some in kilts, and some in monogrammed sweat shirts—marched, wheeled, "did the manual," and briefly stood at ease. Adult officers barked commands. Neighborhood kids hung unmilitarily on the fences. I hung on every movement . . . and almost went roamin' in the gloamin' when a squad of raw recruits came down the pavement in a surprise maneuver toward my unprotected rear.

Then out of somewhere came the smart bagpipe band, skirling clamorously, to lead every man on the lot into the maw of the armory. I took up a

prepared position in the balcony and sat immobilized with awe as these teenaged men went through more drill.

"It's splendid, sir," I said to tall Captain Charles D. Landell, officer in command and a Rotarian, as he sat down beside me after dismissal. "I want to know all about it." Here, briefly, is what I learned:

Canada went to war in September, 1939. From the start, the Toronto Rotary Club wanted to do more than buy bonds and collect waste paper. Could it not do something to decrease the alarming number of rejections among would-be enlistees in the Canadian armed forces. Captain Charles E. Read, a Club member, put the question to the Federal Government, and was told, in effect, to work it out. This the Club did, speedily. Mustering its 27 Army-officer members, it directed them to organize a Training Corps for youths under enlistment age. *Purpose:* to build up physical, mental, and moral standards to Army specifications. *Requirements:* a lad must be at least 16; must be at least 5 feet 4 inches tall; must have health good enough to build better health upon; must have no obvious defects. A felicitous starting stroke was the Corps' affiliation with the famed 48th Highlanders of Canada. Hence the name, "The Young Highlanders."

Well, sir, that was the beginning. Since then 700 Toronto youths have graduated from the Corps, 158 of them

directly into Canada's armed services. There they are winning ratings and honors which unmistakably confirm the value of their Corps training. Besides that, the Corps has blazed a trail of military training in secondary schools all the way across Canada.

Meeting twice weekly, for a total of 12 hours, for drill and instruction, the Young Highlanders parade with "the 48th" on Friday night, and on Sunday morning their own padre leads off with a nonsectarian service. After that comes drill. Come June, the outfit goes to camp for a week.

"What," I said to young Pipe Major Donald McTaggart (above), "just what is a *skean dhu*? My boss told me to ask that question."

"This, sir!" he replied, whipping a dirk out of his half-hose.

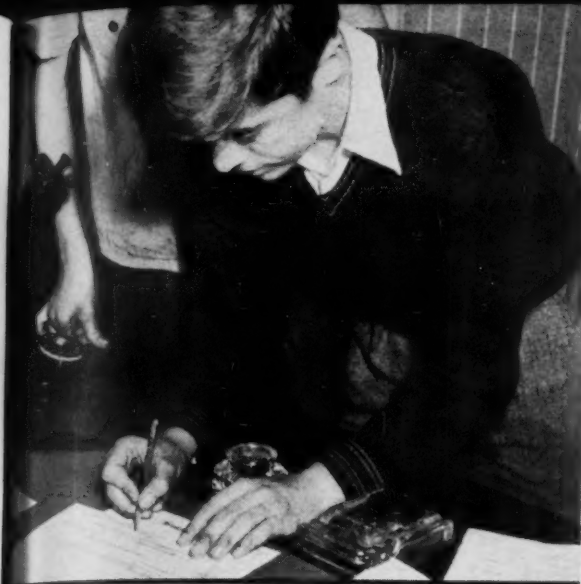
I retreated in disorder.

"It's all right, sir," he smiled. "I wear it just for show. Made it out of an old paring knife in my dad's workshop."

—THE SCRATCHPAD MAN







NEW RECRUITS jam the Corps' "HQ" nightly. First step toward the coveted privilege of the uniform is to "sign on the dotted line" (top). Then, Rotarian Captain William Duncan administers the oath.

PROBED by Rotarian medicos like Captain Howard M. Parsons (top)—the recruit will pass muster with fair health, and the Corps will build him up. . . . His first uniform is plain, but he slips on the coveted khaki just for size.

STEWART of Fingask" tartans plus trappings give the Corps' "pipe band" an air that delights everyone, as it did Rotary Convention folk.

BAGPIPERS learn their tunes on "practice chanters," which these youths are playing. Then they get their kilts—from the Toronto Rotary Club.





**ST-E-A-D-Y NOW!** Youths selected to learn first-aid and stretcher work in the Corps are in great demand by Canada's regular armed services. . . . All Corpsmen study a dozen other subjects—small-arms fire, map reading, camouflage—and, yes sir! they practice them!



**HERE'S** marksmanship! This Young Highlander shot 24 out of a possible 25 bullseyes one day—went out next day and scored 25.



**SIGNALLING** with field telephones under simulated war conditions is just one thing the boys learn during the outfit's annual camp week.



**STRIPPED** to his kilts, a Young Highlander prepares to lam one out of the camp. Sports of all sorts help toughen these city lads.

**HERE'S** the Rotary Youth Training Corps as it looked one day last Winter. It numbers three companies of three platoons each, plus the

headquarters staff. All officers but one in the front row are Toronto Rotarians. Uniforms and arms are loaned from Army ordnance.

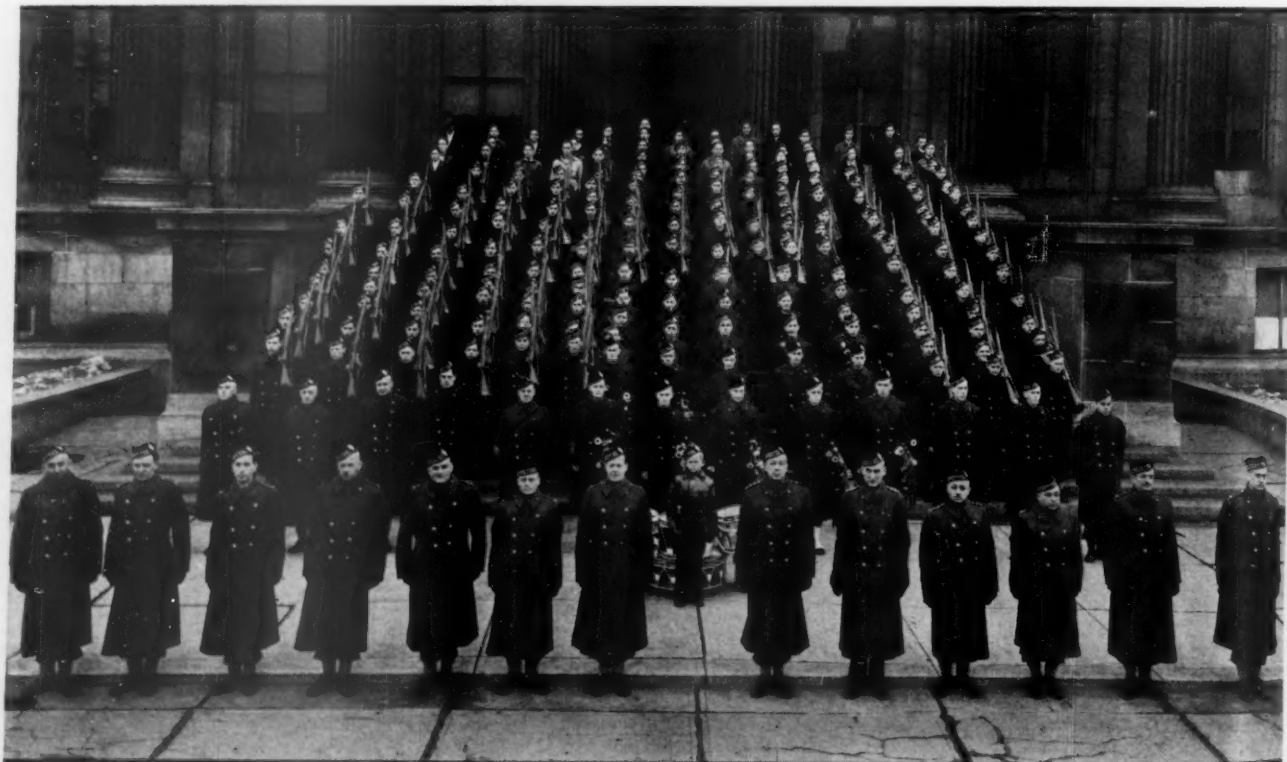


Photo: Pringle & Booth

U  
● M  
oil.  
simp  
heavy  
nuts  
of oil  
ply a  
this c  
from  
show  
ican  
yield  
poun  
The  
able  
make  
waste  
● Ex  
war-h  
est ef  
mater  
Agricult  
paten  
metho  
fied g  
insect  
tenon  
once  
dropl  
be ob  
tion i  
there  
dodge  
than  
● Ne  
mous  
lighte  
plane  
bomb  
metho  
sibilit  
silicon  
dolom  
marbl  
tion s  
new  
playe  
metal  
of fer  
of iron  
neede  
to be  
tities  
mand  
expect  
from  
● Al  
deman  
grapef  
lem of  
the ju  
waste  
now b  
utiliza  
and su  
can b  
presse  
shown



## Peeps at Things to Come

● **More Tung Oil.** Orientals get tung oil, valuable in paints and varnishes, by simply pressing ground tung nuts in heavy presses. American-grown tung nuts now yield some 5 million pounds of oil annually by this method and supply a small part of America's needs for this oil which can no longer be imported from China. Recent investigations have shown that the press cake from American oil mills, formerly discarded, will yield another quarter of a million pounds of oil if extracted with a solvent. The quantity of press cake now available is reported to be great enough to make an extraction plant to recover this wasted oil a paying proposition.

● **Extinguishing Insects.** Under the war-born necessity of getting the greatest effectiveness from insecticidal spray materials, United States Department of Agriculture scientists have recently patented for public use a highly efficient method of dispersion employing liquefied gas as a solvent. By dissolving the insecticide (nicotine, pyrethrum, rotenone) in a liquid which vaporizes at once when released into the air, the droplets formed are far smaller than can be obtained by atomizing a liquid solution in the ordinary way. Not only are there many more particles for insects to dodge, but also the mist persists longer than the usual ones.

● **New Magnesium Process.** The enormous demand for metallic magnesium, lightest of engineering metals, for airplane construction and for incendiary bombs has given new significance to methods for its production. Latest possibility in this direction employs ferrosilicon to free the metal from burned dolomite, an abundant rock resembling marble. So far tests on a small production scale in pilot plants show that the new process can be successfully employed and suggest production of the metal at low cost. Presently production of ferrosilicon, an electric-furnace alloy of iron and the silicon of sand urgently needed by the steel industry, will have to be increased to supply enlarged quantities of the alloy to meet this new demand. Proponents of the new process expect to have substantial production from it within a few months at most.

● **Alcohol from Citrus Waste.** Rising demand for citrus juices (particularly grapefruit) has created a serious problem of disposing of the waste left after the juice is extracted. The quantity of waste available at juicing plants has now become great enough to justify its utilization. The solid waste is pressed and subsequently dried to a form that can be fed to animals. The liquid pressed from the feed has now been shown to be a good source for alcohol

and at the same time a food for the growth of yeast. The yeast thus grown also has food value and the waste liquor after the recovery of alcohol and yeast can be safely run into streams.

● **Wood in Construction.** So accustomed have we become to using steel girders and trusses in construction that an announcement of the use of wood for these purposes by the Engineer Corps comes as news. In building storage depots and like structures, Army engineers save huge tonnages of steel by fabricating roof trusses and other similar units of lumber instead of metal badly needed for military purposes. Thus Yankee ingenuity meets an emergency need by turning the calendar backward.

● **Cleaning Shrimps.** A new machine takes the veins from the backs of shrimps prior to canning much more efficiently than human hands and does it much faster. The shrimps are held between two moving belts that push them against a modified saw which cuts out the alimentary canal cleanly.

● **Nonfogging Panes.** Eyepieces in goggles and gas masks and panes for observation from airplanes tend to fog in humid atmospheres by the condensation of moisture in tiny droplets. A method of overcoming this fault is proposed in a series of recent patents which suggest treating the surfaces of cellulose acetate sheets to make them absorb moisture. This affects the surface only and produces a condition under which droplets of condensed moisture spread into a uniform transparent layer.

● **Better Treatment for Burns.** Sulfadiazine is now being used with great success by physicians in the form of an ointment for the treatment of burns.



CHIEF air-raid wardens in large buildings can now quickly reach their subwardens through this two-way communication system. Tenants are thus spared undue alarm.

Previously this member of the sulfonamide family has proved effective as a solution in preventing infection which interferes with the healing of burns. The new ointment is equally efficient, but in some cases more convenient to use. Formation of scar tissue, often disfiguring, is prevented by this type of treatment, which has been adopted by military, as well as civilian, medics.

● **Fever Fighter.** Spread of Rocky Mountain spotted fever, so far found in at least 37 States of the United States, is now being combated by a new preventive vaccine and a new curative serum. The disease, which in many respects resembles endemic typhus fever, is transmitted principally by certain ticks found in the woods and on domestic animals. Extensive tests have proved the efficiency of the vaccine, made from chick embryo by the yolk sac method, as a preventive. The treatment of the disease in acute form employs a serum made from rabbits injected with the chick-embryo material.

● **Rubber from Pavements.** By scraping up from the pavement the rubber worn from millions of tires, especially on curves and at boulevard stops and busy intersections, a substantial amount of rubber can be salvaged, according to Dr. Carl Omeron, a Los Angeles dentist. Each tire is estimated to deposit a pound or so of rubber annually on pavements through wear. Further estimates place the amount deposited at sudden stops and on curves at a large share of this. The proposal is to employ special sweeping machines to recover rubber from busy spots, in addition to normal street sweeping. Rubber dust so recovered can be readily separated from impurities, and any so obtained would be valuable in the present emergency.

● **Glass Honor Plaques.** Memorial and roll-of-honor plaques presented and put up in this war may be made of glass with gold for lettering instead of bronze, now unavailable for the purpose. The glass tablets, made of black glass, are even more permanent and quite as decorative as metal.

● **Improved Silver Plating.** Triethanolamine, a synthetic chemical widely used in emulsions and special soaps, has been found valuable in a new method of silvering mirrors. So far the method has only been used in producing the extremely precise mirrors required in optical instruments, but it should also have applications to others. In application, a 10 percent solution of triethanolamine in pure water is added to a 10 percent solution of silver nitrate until the precipitate first formed is just dissolved. This mixed solution is then flowed over the clean glass and left until the desired thickness of silver is deposited. One advantage is ease of control of the silver layer's thickness.

This department is conducted by D. H. Killeffer. Address inquiries to Peeps Department, THE ROTARIAN Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.





# Rotary Reporter

Rotary Clubs  
5,085

Rotarians  
210,000



## 'Aussie' Clubs Fête 'Yank' Boys

Reports from Governors of Rotary Districts in Australia are studded with references to the amity between American servicemen stationed there and the home folks, and the frequent and regular entertainment of American troops by Australian Rotary Clubs. Writes Robert C. Hancock, of BRISBANE, Governor of the 56th District: "In BRISBANE, the Rotary Club at every luncheon meeting has one or more guests, Americans, who in some instances are sons or relatives of Rotarians. . . . A few weeks ago I attended a meeting of the FORTITUDE VALLEY Club and there were ten men from your Air Force entertained. . . . Many were sons of Rotarians. . . . We like to have your fellows and deem it a privilege to entertain them."

Stanley W. Perry, of PERTH, Governor of the 65th District, writes: "The FREMANTLE Club held a gathering with 20 officers from the U. S. Navy and Army, the Dutch Navy, and officers of the R.A.N. forces, who were entertained at dinner and later in the Mayor's parlor."

Other Australian activities reported include the raising of £3,000 for patriotic funds by the ALBURY Rotary Club, and more than £1,500 for the Legacy War Orphans' Fund raised by the Rotary Club of SYDNEY.

## Cairo Visit Gives Soldier Thrill

A request from the Rotary Club of CAIRO, EGYPT, for the names of Rotarians or their sons serving in the Middle East (see *Rotary Reporter*, May ROTARIAN) has brought a number of visitors. One of them, the son of a Past

## Rotary Events Calendar

September 8-9 (tentative)—Youth Committee meets in Chicago.

September 14-15—Extension Committee for USCNB meets in Chicago.

September 24-25 (tentative)—Canadian Advisory Committee meets in Chicago.

September 24-25 (tentative)—Committee on Techniques and Mechanics of Rotary meets in Chicago.

September 28-30 (tentative)—Committee on Post-War Participation meets in Chicago.

President of the Rotary Club of SANDOWN, ISLE OF WIGHT, ENGLAND, reported to his father's Club that he was impressed with the internationality of the meeting, 16 different nationalities being represented. An American presided and an Egyptian Cabinet Minister and the Swedish and Czech Ministers to Egypt were guests.

## Riches No Longer Embarrassing

A District Fund surplus of \$3,000 that was "embarrassing" the 117th District has been invested in war bonds. . . . Surplus of the SAN ANTONIO, TEX., Rotary Club's Students Loan Foundation, amounting to \$15,000, has been invested in the same security.

## Stationery Tells of Hospitality

"This Rotary House of Friendship here at MIAMI BEACH, FLA., is just one of many things Rotarians are doing for servicemen in the

many soldier towns where I've been stationed," writes Officer Candidate Harry Stewart, a member of Rotary's Secretariat staff who is now in the Army, on the letterhead of the aforesaid "House of Friendship." He adds that it boasts "quite a nice reading and writing room that seems to be quite popular."

## Timely Topics for Any Club

Here are some recent Rotary Club programs that "hit the spot": "What the War Has Done to My Business" (WEST LOS ANGELES, CALIF.), by three Club members; "War Literature" (MECHANICVILLE, N. Y.), by a college professor of literature; "Air-Raid Precautions" (BRUNSWICK, ME., and many other Clubs), by an air-raid warden; "Tire Conservation" (COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA), by a Club member.

## 'Declaration by Unarmed Forces'

The *Declaration of War for the Unarmed Forces of the U. S. A.*, which was sent to each Rotary Club in the United States by Rotary's Secretariat under Board authorization, is being signed at an encouraging rate. The *Declaration* was the idea of a Rotarian whose son in the Army asked him to see that "the folks back home back us up to the limit."

The Rotary Club of SOUTHWEST LOS ANGELES, CALIF., has placed 200 copies of the *Declaration* in various public places to secure 20,000 signatures. They will be bound into a volume to be sent to President Roosevelt.

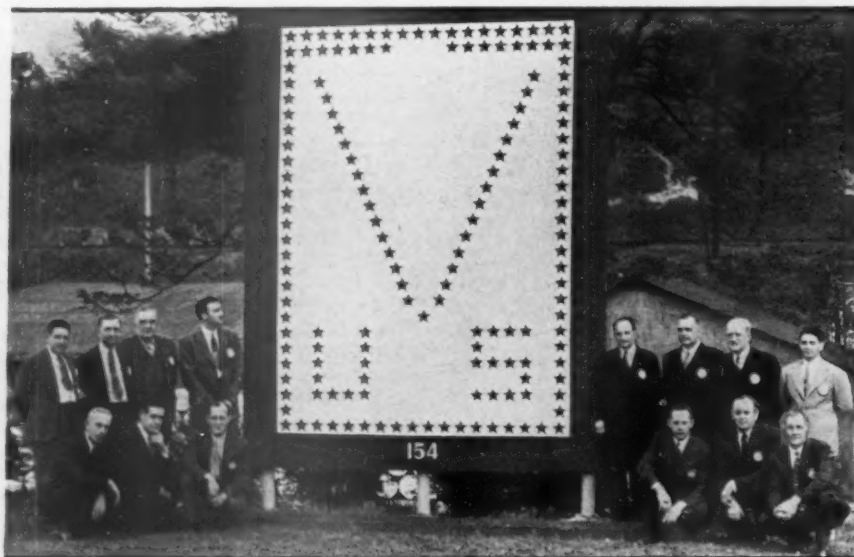
A Committee of the BEAUMONT, TEX., Rotary Club has secured support of the whole city in approving the *Declaration*. A film dramatizing its text is being presented at newsreel theaters throughout the United States.

## Swiss Camps for French Children

The success of their Summer camp for French boys last year (see *French Boys Fatten on Swiss Food*, April, 1942, ROTARIAN) has encouraged Swiss Rotarians to expand the program this year. Last Winter the Rotary Club of BASEL, SWITZERLAND, had a camp for undernourished Belgian boys—then turned its mind to planning a Summer camp to which boys from Serbia would be invited.

The Swiss Red Cross representative to the Swiss Holidays Committee, not a Rotarian, reported that the Red Cross thoroughly approved the system used by the Rotary Clubs. All children who were guests last Summer came through the Winter well, though mortality among French children as a whole was 50 percent.

Several other camps are being organized by Swiss Rotary Clubs in geographic groups. Forty French boys are



ROTARIANS at the dedication of a memorial to citizens in the armed services from Ludlow, Ky., which the Rotary Club presented to the community. The number of stars is now over 200.



SAN JOSE, Costa Rica, Rotarians have greatly aided this national "Franklin D. Roosevelt Tuberculosis Preventorium for Children."

the guests of the Rotary Clubs of LA CHAUX-DE-FONDS, NEUCHÂTEL, and VAL-DE-TRAVERS; 30 are being entertained by the Rotary Clubs of WINTERTHUR, ST. GALLEN, SCHAFFHAUSEN, LUCERNE, ZUG, and GLARUS.

Girls from the occupied zones are also entertained, but unlike the boys they are being brought as guests of families, singly, while the boys are in groups, in camps. The Red Cross has found the group system more advantageous.

#### Corsicana Has Service Flag

As his farewell to the chair of the Rotary Club of CORSICANA, TEX., Outgoing President Sidney K. Brietz presented a service flag containing Rotary emblems and the names of five members already with America's armed forces. The silken banner is the work of the donor's wife. In making the gift, Rotarian Brietz jestingly told the Club that as a member of the local Selective Service Board, with which most of the Club members are registered, he would try to see that many of them were enrolled on the flag!

#### War Funds Now Always on Hand

Sparked by 12 Rotarians, comprising 12/13 of its board of directors, the PATTERSON, CALIF., Chamber of Commerce has established an Emergency Defense Fund, to which a majority of the citizens of the community contribute monthly. Thus, a \$1,200 U.S.O. quota was paid the day it was set, and every similar request can be and is paid on "sight." The sponsors claim that it's no more trouble than one drive, and cuts out excessive energy expenditures and lots of trouble for the donors. Donations are made through payroll or bank allotments—usually \$1 a month for each member participating.

#### Birthdays Cheer Clubs Far & Near

It is now 25 years since these Rotary Clubs were chartered: Long Beach, Calif.; Bristol, Va.-Tenn.; Saskatoon, Sask., Canada; Regina, Sask., Canada; Junction City, Kans.; Bellingham, Wash.; Manhattan, Kans.; Henderson, Ky.; Anniston, Ala.; Charlottesville, P. E. I., Canada; Sapulpa, Okla.; Amarillo, Tex. To all of them go the congratulations of all of us.

Completing its first year under the handicaps of wartime, the Rotary Club of OPP, ALA., reports an increase from 47th place in District attendance to fourth, 100 percent war-bond purchase by members, activities in all relief and



"NO EATS, unless you bring 50 pounds of rubber or more!" With this threat ringing in their ears, these 20 members of the Rotary Club of Carleton, Mich., gathered 1,000 pounds.



A RECORD for short speeches ("Here are the keys," and, "Oh, thank you!") was set when the Rotary Club of Madison, N. J., presented this ambulance to the local Red Cross chapter.



"DRIVING OUT" Past Governor Herbert Halliday and "leading in" Governor Harold F. Howe, his successor, were jointly celebrated on ladies' night at the Lowell, Mass., Rotary Club. In deference to rubber saving, the calico-paint horse and stylish trap replaced the auto.





THE ANNUAL rural-urban celebration of the Rotary Club of Nokomis, Ill., was attended by 100 Rotarians and guests this year. The turkey was an uninvited, but welcome, guest!

patriotic drives, 100 percent contribution by members to China relief, sponsorship of a speaking contest for high-school students, and many other community activities.

A royal Rotary welcome to these new Clubs: Hathboro, Pa.; Mayville, Mich.; Itajai, Brazil; Vizagapatam, India; Gregory, So. Dak.; Wilton, Conn.; Macae, Brazil; Star, N. C.

**Peorians Learn Why Club 'Ticks'** To know their own Club better, members of the Rotary Club of PEORIA, ILL., made a survey last year which closely paralleled the national survey made by the Rotary International Committee to Study the Techniques and Mechanics of Rotary from the Standpoint of a Rotarian (see *What Makes Rotary 'Tick,'* June ROTARIAN).

For instance, the first question is a synthesis of the first two reported by Richard H. Wells in the article cited: "In one or two words, what does 'Rotary' mean to you?" and the answers are: Fellowship—61 percent (as compared with 55 percent nationally); service—23 percent (nationally, 28 percent); miscellaneous—16 percent (nationally, 17 percent). However, the PEORIA report went into much greater detail, there being 130 questions.

**Yugoslav Queen Talks to Rotarians** The usual Rotary luncheon program of the BEDFORD, ENGLAND, Rotary Club was recently a most unusual one. For probably the first time in the history of any Rotary Club, the speaker was a Queen—Queen Marie of Yugoslavia, who gave a graphic story of the suffering of her people. "Our place," she declared, "always was and always will be among the free people."

**St. Louis Club Builds a Bridge** Fifteen years ago the Rotary Club of St. Louis, Mo., gave a log-cabin lodge to the local Y.M.C.A. for a Summer camp. Two years ago the bridge on the road leading to the lodge was washed out. The St. Louis Club voted \$200 to replace it. However, a member of the Club, a professional bridge builder, designed and built a steel bridge. The \$200 was used to provide piers and the approach.

**From Capetown . . . to Charleston** Among activities of the Rotary Club of CAPETOWN, SOUTH AFRICA, this past year have been the donation of a radio for a minesweeper, providing 200 distressed seamen with clothing, outfitting a recreation room for



ROTARIAN and Mrs. W. C. Gillespie, Tulsa, Okla., receiving Treasury award for Radio Station KTUL, which sold 1½ million dollars in war bonds. See story in next column.

the Soldiers' Club, a gift of £400 to the Red Cross, and numerous other similar projects. . . . Their county's quota of \$1,600 for the Navy Relief Society was raised by a baseball game between the Rotary Club and the Lions Club of THOMASVILLE, N. C.

With a professional choral director in its membership, the Rotary Club of OAK PARK, ILL., has organized a choral group of 15 who rehearse four-part songs and expect to render service by singing for near-by Clubs as well as their own. . . . The CRANFORD, N. J., Rotary Club has issued an annual report to keep the Club's history, started in 1926, up to date. . . . The CHARLESTON, S. C., Rotary Club had a "grouch" program at which each member aired his pet peeve. A pleasant time was had by all, and everything once more is serene!

**Tulsa's Answer—\$200,000 an Hour** A radio drive for war-bond sales in TULSA, OKLA., brought more than \$200,000 an hour of radio time, as the Rotary Club aided other civic organizations in what the Club terms "the greatest bond sale in history." The total raised in 14 half-hour programs was \$1,521,913.

The period that the Rotary Club took over the microphone brought far more than a proportionate return, for Rotarians spent the day before the broadcast buttonholing friends and securing pledges, and used the phone during the broadcast to see that the purchases rolled in.

In the adjoining column is a picture of the presentation of the certificate of award of merit from the United States Treasury Department for this outstanding achievement.

**War Stamps Prize at Hoosier Picnic** The Rotary Club of UNION CITY, IND., held its annual picnic for the boys of the community, and fed 900 buns and 700 bottles of soda to 250 youngsters. Prizes for the athletic contests consisted mainly of war savings stamps.

**Middle East Clubs Meet** Despite the war that raged on every side, only three Rotary Clubs of the 83rd District (Egypt, Syria, Lebanon, Cyprus, Palestine, and the Sudan) were not represented at the annual District Conference, and the absence of all these was explained by "war conditions." The Conference was held at JAFFA-TEL AVIV, PALESTINE, with 200 Rotarians in attendance.



"MISS CUBA" (right) presided over the Pan-American Day meeting of the Rotary Club of Sancti Spiritus, Cuba, when the members of the Rotary-sponsored "Pan-American Club" of the pupils of the local Remington College Academy presented the luncheon program.





## Soup Saves Their Day

**L**UGANO is a city of 15,000 in Southern Switzerland. Normally a thriving community and a favorite among tourists, Lugano now feels the heavy hand of world war.

Especially do its poor—but they have good friends. From the gleaming kettles you see in these photos, wives of Lugano Rotarians last Winter ladled out 25,250 portions of delicious *minestra*, the rich soup or stew of the locality, serving some 500 needy people each noon. The Rotarians' ladies purchased and prepared the food, with a Rotarian as assistant chef. Municipal authorities provided the kitchen and fuel. Funds came from a Rotary Club collection box, from an annual 500-franc grant by the Club, and from the ladies.

Clothing, Christmas gifts, and Christmas parties also flow to the poor folks from these funds each year. Now turn to the photos to see how soup is saving the day for the needy of Lugano.



**LADLING** out the steaming *minestra*, traditional noon meal of the Swiss Canton of Ticino, wives of Lugano Rotarians are filling the buckets of local poor folks—some 500 this noon.



**SO THAT** families may get proper portions, each serving is checked on the recipient's card and on a master list.



**AN OLD WOMAN** waits for her portion. For three years such scenes have filled every noontime in the months of January and February at Lugano.

**YOUNG** and old come for the family's supply. In addition to food, the ladies give clothing and a party to needy families at Christmastime.





## Scratchpaddings

**PRESIDENT'S Travels.** After the July meeting of Rotary's Board of Directors, FERNANDO CARBAJAL, President of Rotary International, left Chicago for Washington, D. C., where he was received by the President of the United States, FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, himself an honorary Rotarian at Albany, N. Y., with whom he discussed Pan-American relations. After an interview with SUMNER WELLES, Under-Secretary of State, PRESIDENT CARBAJAL left on a journey to Cuba, Mexico, the six Central American republics, and Colombia before returning to his home in Lima, Peru, late in August.

**Authors.** A charter member of the disbanded Rotary Club of Trieste, Italy, DR. ARTURO CASTIGLIONI, now an associate professor of medicine at Yale University, is the author of *A History of Medicine*, of which a reviewer remarks: "... the most up-to-date and comprehensive history of medicine yet to have appeared in the English language."

HARPER GARCIA SMYTH, a member of the Cleveland, Ohio, Rotary Club, hit the headlines with his new book, *Cheer Up, You'll Win If You Grin*.

**Silver Beavers.** A partial check of the list of Silver Beaver Awards by the Boy Scouts of America in 1941 reveals no less than 70 Rotarians among the men so honored. These are only the ones who have been reported so far. THE SCRATCHPAD MAN will be grateful for the names of others not yet sent in, and will publish them later. The 70 are as follows:

**Alabama:** William Henry H. Putnam.  
**Arkansas:** D. B. Aycock.  
**California:** Dr. Lloyd D. Bernard, S. Stanley Curtis, K. Leroy Hamman, Newell Parker, Dr. Alexander C. Roberts.  
**Colorado:** Don M. Alexander, Charles N. Jackson.  
**Connecticut:** Alfred W. Burg.  
**Georgia:** Lee Blum, James H. Porter, W. C. Wardlaw, Mel R. Wilkin.  
**Idaho:** Paul Schroeder, Theodore H. Wegener.  
**Illinois:** William Collins, Victor E. Fishburn, Will C. Huggins, Roy W. Massey, Dr. Gilbert P. Pond.  
**Indiana:** Andrew G. Burry, A. F. Drompp, Dr. Victor H. Knapp, Frank L. Reinmann, John L. Wrege.  
**Iowa:** Robert L. Terry.  
**Maryland:** L. Vinton Hershey.  
**Massachusetts:** Howard M. Booth.  
**Minnesota:** B. B. Beal, George S. Wyckoff.  
**Mississippi:** Rex F. Reed.  
**Missouri:** E. B. Black.  
**New Jersey:** Paul J. O'Neill, Sr.; Dr. Ross O. Runnels.  
**New York:** George A. Arkwright, George A. Barnwell, Dr. Edmund K. Kline, John Knickerbacker, C. Mossman McLean, Edward L. Parsons, Arthur P. Root, Charles Smith, John Tagg.  
**North Carolina:** Herman Cone, Dr. J. V. Hofmann.  
**North Dakota:** Allen S. King.  
**Ohio:** Omar H. Caswell, Joseph F. Kline, Louis B. Seltzer.  
**Oklahoma:** Doane R. Farr.  
**Pennsylvania:** Russell Callow, Harold B. Farquhar, G. Marshall Gillette, Carl E. Kirschner, N. D. Paterson, J. Harry Schearer, John W. Warner.

**Puerto Rico:** Manuel Bueno.  
**South Carolina:** Rufus C. Barkley, William Elliott, Sr.  
**Texas:** H. P. Briley, W. F. Ivers, H. A. Markham, H. D. Reed.  
**Vermont:** F. Ray Adams.  
**Virginia:** Frank W. Evans.  
**Washington:** W. F. Miller.  
**Wisconsin:** A. J. Wentzel, George S. Whyte.

The Silver Beaver Award is given "for distinguished service to boyhood within the jurisdiction of a local council."

**Seeks Emblem.** Since air-raid wardens and other civilian-defense workers in the United States have emblems to distinguish them, WILLIAM HAEDRICH, a member of the Brooklyn, N. Y., Rotary Club, suggests emblems for members of Selective Service Boards, who have been working for the Government without recompense for the past 20 or more months.

**Hi, Old-Timer!** While not the oldest living Rotarian (see page 47, September, 1940, ROTARIAN, and page 53, October, 1940, issue), ULYSSES E. SIDEBOTTOM, a member of the Chillicothe, Mo., Rotary Club, comes well up on the list, and is the oldest Rotarian in the 134th District. He celebrated his 87th birthday last April by attending his District's Conference. He has been a Rotarian for 14 years, is president of both a bank and a flour mill, and owns and personally operates his 1,400-acre farm.



Sidebottom

**Honors.** The now-famous "meeting on Bataan" of members of the Rotary Club of Manila (see frontispiece, May, 1942, ROTARIAN) included COLONEL CHARLES A. WILLOUGHBY, a Manila Rotarian. Before leaving for Australia as a member of GENERAL DOUGLAS MACARTHUR's staff, COLONEL WILLOUGHBY was awarded the Silver Star for taking command of a company whose commander had been wounded, reorganizing it, and

leading a successful attack. The award was made by LIEUTENANT GENERAL WAINWRIGHT, who succeeded GENERAL MACARTHUR on Bataan. It will be remembered that the meeting mentioned elected GENERAL MACARTHUR an honorary member of the Manila Rotary Club, and that he accepted. He has now accepted honorary membership in the Rotary Club of Melbourne, Australia, to which he was recently elected.



Milling

E. R. MILLING, a member of the Rotary Club of Toronto, Ont., Canada, is president of the Canadian National Newspapers and Periodicals Association. He is also the business manager of the Consolidated Press, Ltd.

Florida's chapter of the American Institute of Architects is headed by ROTARIAN IVAN H. SMITH, of Jacksonville, Fla. . . . The present imperial potentate of "the Shrine"—the A.A.O.N.M.S.—is ALBERT H. FIEBACK, a member of the Rotary Club of the Heights of Greater Cleveland, Ohio.

Two British Rotarians have been granted honors by the Crown recently: J. H. WRIGHT, of the Rotary Club of Smethwick, England, has been made a member of the Order of the British Empire for his services as an air-raid precaution officer, and ALDERMAN E. G. EDDY, J. P., President of the Rotary Club of Kidderminster, has been promoted from member to officer (O.B.E.) of the same order "for public services."

**Binoculars for the Navy.** Rotarians owning either Zeiss or Bausch & Lomb binoculars, 6 x 30 or 7 x 50, can enlist these in the Navy now. The Navy will either buy them outright or "rent" them for the duration for \$1. Only these makes and powers are now required, but the need for them is urgent and immediate. Write to the U.S. Naval Observatory, Washington, D. C., for instructions.

**Rotary Family.** It takes only five Ross boys to make three brothers, two sons, two fathers, five Presidents, two charter members, three uncles, and two nephews at the Asheboro, N. C., Rotary Club. Perhaps we'd better take a deep breath and start over again: ARTHUR and J. D. Ross are charter members, their brother L. F. and respective sons



EVERY Past President and the Secretary of the Rotary Club of Malta-McConnelsville, Ohio.

—ARTHUR, JR., and J. D., JR.—are also members, and all five Ross's have served as President of the Asheboro Rotary Club!

**Convention Echoes.** A recheck of attendance figures at Rotary's Convention at Toronto in June shows the Rotary Club of Vero Beach, Fla., to have tied for second place in the attendance contest. A duplicate trophy has been sent to the Club. . . . Imagine the surprise of THOMAS DENTON HALLIDAY, cashier of the King Edward Hotel in Toronto, when HERBERT HALLIDAY, of Fitchburg, Mass., 1941-42 District Governor, asked for his bill, only to be followed by Mr. DENTON and Mr. THOMAS!

Another Convention coincidence was reported by DR. EDWARD H. HUME, honorary member of the New Haven, Conn., Rotary Club, who, when leading a craft assembly session at Toronto, met DR. FREDERICK MARTIN, President of the Rotary Club of Bristol, R. I., and found him to be the son of the man under whom he had studied at Johns Hopkins University.

**Dads and Sons.** The London, Ont., Canada, Rotary Club boasts five pairs of fathers and sons. In the picture on this page they are shown, the fathers seated in the front row, each with his son standing behind him. Left to right, they are (dads' names are first): Drs. S. M. and F. KENNEDY; PAST PRESIDENTS J. F. and S. F. MAINE; S. H. and L. GALLAGHER; PAST PRESIDENT A. E. and E. G. SILVERWOOD; and PAST PRESIDENT W. R. and PRESIDENT G. W. YENDALL.

**Committees.** As one of his first acts as President of Rotary International, FERNANDO CARBAJAL named his Committees for 1942-43. They are:

**Aims and Objects**—C. Reeve Vanneman, Albany, N. Y., U.S.A.

**CLUB SERVICE:** Charles N. Cadwallader, Lincoln, Nebr., U.S.A. **Alternate:** Lawrence D. Watts, Haifa, Palestine.

**VOCATIONAL SERVICE:** Richard E. Vernon, Chicago, Ill., U.S.A. **Alternate:** Kenneth J. Young, Capetown, South Africa.

**COMMUNITY SERVICE:** Allison Ware, Chico, Calif., U.S.A. **Alternate:** Ernesto Bastos, Lisbon, Portugal.

**INTERNATIONAL SERVICE:** T. A. Warren, Wolverhampton, England. **Alternate:** Julio Gerleín Comelin, Barranquilla, Colombia.

**Constitution and By-Laws**—Karl Miller, Dodge City, Kans., U.S.A.; Bertram H. Kenyon, Turtle Creek, Pa., U.S.A.; Carlos G. Stratton, Huntington Park, Calif., U.S.A.

**1944 Convention**—Stanley Long, Seattle, Wash., U.S.A.; Lawrence S. Akers, Memphis, Tenn., U.S.A.; Santiago M. Cerruti, Pergamino, Argentina; Percy Hodgson, Pawtucket, R. I., U.S.A.; J. Lyman Trumbull, Vancouver, B.C., Canada; C. Reeve Vanneman, Albany, N. Y., U.S.A.

**Extension Committee for Ibero-America**—Joaquin Serratos Cibils, Montevideo, Uruguay; Mario Belloso, Maracaibo, Venezuela; Carlos Collignon, Guadalajara, Mexico; Mario Dihigo, Ma-

tanzas, Cuba; Plinio Leite, Petropolis, Brazil.

**Extension Committee for United States of America**—Charles W. Pettengill, Greenwich, Conn., U.S.A.; Carl E. Bolte, Slater, Mo., U.S.A.; Harry Hall, Dothan, Ala., U.S.A.; John Howard Garberson, Miles City, Mont., U.S.A.; D. D. Monroe, Clayton, N. Mex., U.S.A.

**Finance**—Ed. R. Johnson, Roanoke, Va., U.S.A.; Cesar D. Andrade, Guayaquil, Ecuador; George C. Hager, Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.; Harry E. Hovey, Geneva, N. Y., U.S.A.; Herbert J. Taylor, Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.

**Investment**—Norman G. Foster, Ottawa, Ont., Canada; Rufus F. Chapin, Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.; Harry E. Hovey, Geneva, N. Y., U.S.A.

**Magazine**—Stanley C. Forbes, Brantford, Ont., Canada; Richard R. Currie, Johannesburg, South Africa; Manuel Galigarcia, Havana, Cuba; Winthrop R. Howard, New York, N. Y., U.S.A.; Charles L. Wheeler, San Francisco, Calif., U.S.A.

**Participation of Rotarians in the Post-War World**—Walter D. Head, Montclair, N. J., U.S.A.; Allen D. Albert,



THE FOUR HOGES, Rotarians of Bluefield, W. Va. Left to right: Albert; his brother Joseph; and Joe's sons, William and Strother.



AH, YOUTH! Rotary's youngest District Governors (average age, 32) shake on it. Left to right: C. F. Cardot, Venezuela; D. Danielson, Kans.; E. V. Long, Mo.; R. J. Selva, Argentina.



FIVE fathers and sons of the London, Ont., Canada, Rotary Club. See story on this page.



**HOME-TOWN BOY** makes very good! The Hackettstown, N. J., Rotary Club has elected Lieut. John D. Bulkeley (shown here with his wife at the Club meeting where he was presented with a member's pin) an honorary

member. . . . Recently he has been busy in The Philippines, where his motor torpedo boats sank two cruisers and three other ships and rescued General Douglas MacArthur from Bataan. (See MacArthur item on page 52.)



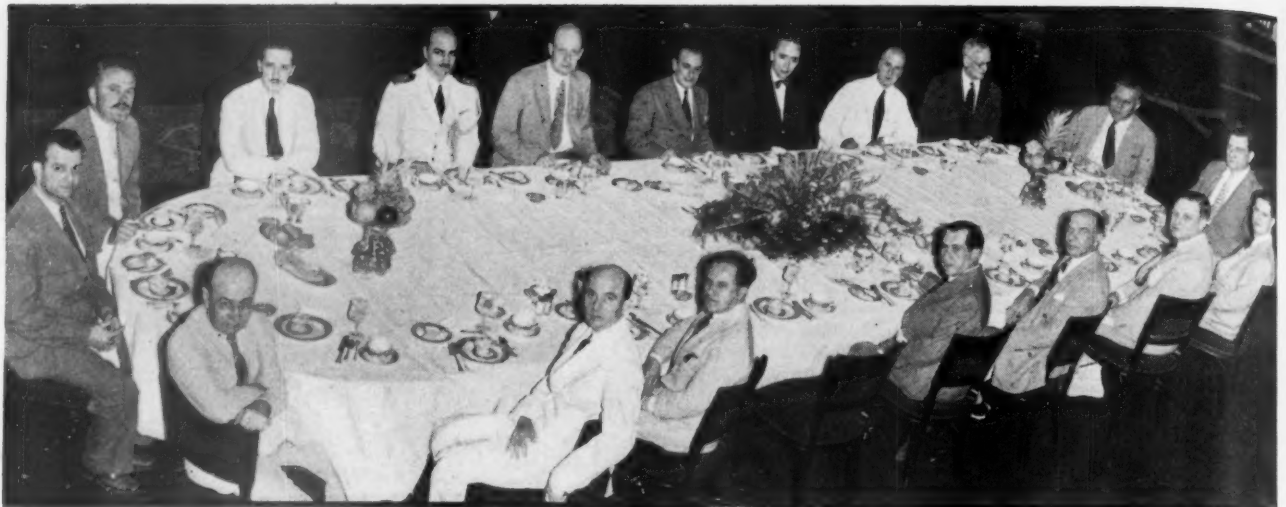
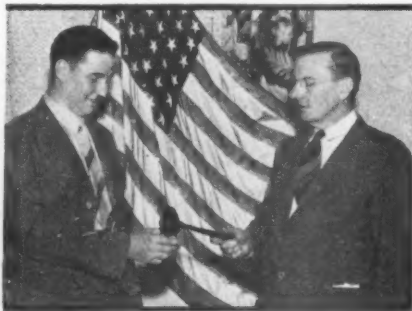


Photo: Harris & Ewing

**A PAN-AMERICAN dinner at Washington, D. C., attended by representatives of the various embassies and legations and by Rotary officials.** Reading to the right from the empty chair: Fernando Carbajal, President of Rotary International; Dr. Ernesto Jaén Guardia, Panamanian Ambassador; J. Raymond Tiffany, First Vice-President, Rotary International; Dr. Carlos A. Alfaro, Chargé d'Affaires, El Salvador; M. X. Wilberding, President, Washington Rotary Club; Dr. Julian R. Caceres, Honduran Minister; George W. Harris, Past Rotary District Governor; Jose T. Baron, Counselor, Peruvian Embassy; Philip W. Bonsal, Chief of the State Department's Division of American Republics; Jorge Escalante Posse, Secretary, Argentine Embassy; P. C. Lovejoy, General Secretary, Rotary International; Commander Collazo Pittaluga, Naval Attache, Uruguayan Embassy; Dr. Juan I. Elguera, Counselor, Peruvian Embassy; Howard S. LeRoy, Rotarian, Washington, D. C.; Dr. J. M. Troncoso, Minister, Dominican Republic; A. W. Atwood, Vice-President, Washington Rotary Club; Dr. Leon DeBayle, Nicaraguan Minister; Manuel Galigarcia, Havana, Cuba, Director of Rotary International.

Paris, Ill., U.S.A.; Arthur S. FitzGerald, Windsor, Ont., Canada; Harry N. Hansen, Toledo, Ohio, U.S.A.; Angus Mitchell, Melbourne, Australia; C. Harald Trolle, Kalmar, Sweden; T. A. Warren,



**OUTGOING President Frederic Niedner** hands the gavel to his son and successor, **R. V. Niedner**, at the St. Charles, Mo., Rotary Club.

Wolverhampton, England; Kendall Weisiger, Atlanta, Ga., U.S.A.; Carl Zapffe, Brainerd, Minn., U.S.A.

**Rotary Foundation Campaign**—Elbridge W. Palmer, Kingsport, Tenn., U.S.A.; Doane R. Farr, Clinton, Okla., U.S.A.; Arch C. Klumph, Cleveland, Ohio, U.S.A.; Will R. Manier, Jr., Nashville, Tenn., U.S.A.; Glenn C. Mead, Philadelphia, Pa., U.S.A.; Frank L. Mulholland, Toledo, Ohio, U.S.A.; Allen L. Oliver, Cape Girardeau, Mo., U.S.A.

**Relief to Rotarians**—Jeff H. Williams, Chickasha, Okla., U.S.A.; Frank C. Barnes, Manistee, Mich., U.S.A.; Harry C. Bulkeley, Abingdon, Ill., U.S.A.; Edouard Christin, Montréux-Vevay, Switzerland; Chenting T. Wang, Chungking, China.

**To Confer with the International Auxiliary Language Association**—Harold de Bildt, Cairo, Egypt; Lester W. Elias, Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.; William H. Hogue, Houston, Tex., U.S.A.; N. C. Limaye, Sholapur, India; Francisco

Marseillan, Buenos Aires, Argentina; J. J. O'Dowd, Tucson, Ariz., U.S.A.; Armando de Arruda Pereira, São Paulo, Brazil; Herbert Schofield, Loughborough, England.

**To Study the Techniques and Mechanics of Rotary from the Standpoint of a Rotarian**—Richard H. Wells, Pocatello, Idaho, U.S.A.; Daniel F. Lincoln, Jamestown, N. Y., U.S.A.; Hal A. McNutt, Stillwater, Okla., U.S.A.; J. Carthell Robbins, Stuttgart, Ark., U.S.A.

**Youth**—James Eugene Conklin, Hutchinson, Kans., U.S.A.; H. K. Carpenter, Heights of Greater Cleveland, Ohio, U.S.A.; A. Elliston Cole, Bloomington, Ind., U.S.A.; S. Kendrick Guernsey, Jacksonville, Fla., U.S.A.; J. Ardagh Scythes, Toronto, Ont., Canada.

**Rotary Foundation Trustees**—Harry H. Rogers, Tulsa, Okla., U.S.A.; Tom J. Davis, Butte, Mont., U.S.A.; Maurice Duperrey, Paris, France; Russell F. Greiner, Kansas City, Mo., U.S.A.; George C. Hager, Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.

**Canadian Advisory**—Fred E. Osborne, Calgary, Alta., Canada; Robert Cheyne, Kelowna, B.C., Canada; Roland Millar, Hull, Que., Canada; George J. Smith, St. John, N.B., Canada; John M. Thomson, Owen Sound, Ont., Canada.

**1943 Convention**—Roy J. Weaver, Pueblo, Colo., U.S.A.; P. Hicks Cadle, Denver, Colo., U.S.A.; Robert E. Heun, Richmond, Ind., U.S.A.; Carlos P. Romulo, Manila, The Philippines; Hart I. Seely, Waverly, N. Y., U.S.A.; C. Reeve Vanneman, Albany, N. Y., U.S.A.

**South American Committee of Collaboration among Rotary Clubs**—Cesar D. Andrade, Guayaquil, Ecuador; Rodolfo Almeida Pintos, Montevideo, Uruguay; Mario Belloso, Maracaibo, Venezuela; Juan Boggino, Asunción, Paraguay; Carlos Hoerning, Santiago, Chile; Luiz Dias Lins, Recife, Brazil; Leoncio E. Maldonado, Cuzco, Peru; Juan Muñoz Reyes, La Paz, Bolivia; Jorge Soto del Corral, Bogotá, Colombia; David J.

Spinetto, of Buenos Aires, Argentina.

**Rotary Foundation Honorary Trustees**—Arch C. Klumph, Cleveland, Ohio, U.S.A.; Maurice Duperrey, Paris, France; Manuel Gaete Fagalde, Santiago, Chile; Donato Gaminara, Montevideo, Uruguay; Paul P. Harris, Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.; Herbert C. Hoover, Palo Alto, Calif., U.S.A.; Louis L. Lang, Kitchener, Ont., Canada; Charles A. Mander, Wolverhampton, England; J. Layton Ralston, Ottawa, Ont., Canada; Almon E. Roth, San Francisco, Calif., U.S.A.

**Nominating Committee for President of R. I.**—Harry C. Brown, Denver, Colo., U.S.A.; P. H. W. Almy, Torquay, England; Richard R. Currie, Johannesburg, South Africa; Manuel Galigarcia, Havana, Cuba; Fred L. Haas, Omaha, Nebr., U.S.A.; Fred E. Osborne, Calgary, Alta., Canada; Harry D. Poulston, Lima, Ohio, U.S.A.; O. B. Sellers, Fort Worth, Tex., U.S.A.; C. J. Steiger, Winterthur, Switzerland.

**'Unknown and Uninteresting.'** "If one day, with God's great help, peace and freedom will be again over the whole world, please do not forget to hold a Convention again in a new renewed-old and free Vienna." These words,



**THREE Grahams:** (left) son Stanley, President, Dwight, Ill., Rotary Club; (center) dad Dr. F. W., Past President, Morris, Ill., Rotary Club; and son F. Wayne, Morris, Ill., Past Governor of the 147th Rotary District.

written in Toronto, Ont., during Convention week, accompanied a \$1 bill sent to Tom J. Davis, Rotary's 1941-42 President, by one who signed himself "unknown and uninteresting," and who had met many Rotarians at the Vienna Convention of 1931. The dollar, the donor explained, was sent "as a building stone for your funds," meaning perhaps a starter for that after-the-war meeting he had in mind.

**Clever Clubs.** The new *Kenmore Rotarian*, publication of the Kenmore, N. Y., Rotary Club, carries a reference to the article *What Makes Rotary Tick* in the June, 1942, *ROTARIAN*. The Club publication, it says, is to help the Kenmore Club "tick." It ought to "click"! ... And on that same theme, the Leba-

non, Ind., Rotary Club's *Rotary Flashes* declares:

*They can ration my tires and ration my sweets—  
Ration my gas and ration my meats;  
They can ration the things that Nature sends—  
But they ain't gonna ration my number of friends.*

"Birthday boys" of the Omaha, Nebr., Rotary Club appeared at their birthday party in false whiskers, to show how they might appear in 1972. It was noticed that they shed the foliage as soon as the food was served! ... The Urbana, Ill., Rotary Club has a "Better Element" table for highbrow professors when other professors speak.

The Penn Yan, N. Y., *Spokes from the Wheel* published the minutes of the Club's charter meeting when the Club recently celebrated its 20th anniversary.

In the 'WAACs.' "Democracy" is not just a word to Austrian-born ROTARIAN ADOLPH KROCH, Chicago bookseller. His only son is in the U.S. Navy, his only daughter — GRETCHEN — is a member of the W.A.A.C. and, at this writing, the only American Rotarian's daughter known to be in that branch of the Army. ROTARIAN KROCH himself has taken an active part in his adopted country's service. He headed the Midwest Victory Book Drive, which collected some 800,000 books for distribution to military and naval centers.



Miss Kroch

—THE SCRATCHPAD MAN

## For 15 Years or More—Always Present!

*These 50 men have not missed a Rotary meeting in the past 15 years or more! That's what Rotary fellowship means to them. It means that they have either been at their own or another Rotary*

*Club every week for the past 760 weeks or more. It means that they have been willing to brave any weather—and that they have been blessed with good health. A deep salaam to each of them!*

(1) Wilbur S. Sigler, insurance, 20½ yrs., Lakewood, N. J.; (2) Roy Portner, construction, 16½ yrs., Fort Collins, Colo.; (3) Sergio R. Alvarez, journalist, 19 yrs., Santa Clara, Cuba; (4) Alfredo Esquerre B., optician, 18½ yrs., Matanzas, Cuba; (5) John R. Trimble, shoe retailing, 16¼ yrs., and (6) Kenneth Thomas, dentist, 16¼ yrs., both of Calais, Me.

(7) Roland C. Baker, coal retailing, 15½ yrs., and (8) Carl F. Kunz, machinist, 15½ yrs., both of Phoenix, Ariz.; (9) L. A. Wilson, associations, 15½ yrs., Waco, Tex.; (10) Roy A. Plumb, paint mfg., 16½ yrs., Hamtramck, Mich.; (11) Carroll E. Kramer, garage, 16½ yrs., Edenton, N. C.; (12) Frank Markl, telephone service, 16½ yrs., Roswell, N. Mex.

(13) Harry L. Nado, associations, 18 yrs., and (14) Fred Smith, architect, 22 yrs., both of Greenwich, Conn.; (15) E. M. Underwood, Sr., cotton goods mfg., 17½ yrs., Sanford, N. C.; (16) Vail Bowman, bldg. materials, 17½ yrs., and (17) H. G. Roby, past

service, 19½ yrs., both of Minerva, Ohio.

(18) Robert D. Hostetter, pediatrics, 15 yrs., (19) A. J. Lewis, exodontist, 15 yrs., and (20) Frederick Cellarius, civil engineer, 15 yrs., all of Dayton, Ohio; (21) Louis Wolf, insurance, 16½ yrs., Wabash, Ind.; (22) Charles H. Woods, fish culture, 15½ yrs., Estes Park, Colo.; (23) Samuel Rogers, automobile retailing, 17½ yrs., Hanover, N. H.

(24) Percy L. Canfield, lumber, 17¼ yrs., (25) T. W. Ballantyne, physician, 15½ yrs., (26) Fred Dean, creamery, 17¼ yrs., and (27) Will H. Peirce, associations, 15½ yrs., all of Woodstock, Ont., Canada; (28) D. A. Norton, banking, 18½ yrs., and (29) L. P. Strain, ice, 19½ yrs., both of La Junta, Colo.; (30) Conrad Rotenberg, tailor, 15½ yrs., Hammond, La.

(31) Fred A. Denison, office supplies, 17½ yrs., Santa Monica, Calif.; (32) John C. Banta, men's wear retailer, 23¼ yrs., Muncie, Ind.; (33) Henry T. Silvey, clothier, 17 yrs., Connerville, Ind.; (34) Roby L. Pope, banker, 20½ yrs., (35) Charles Phil-

lips, insurance, 20 yrs., and (36) Lonnie Teague, furniture mfg., 18½ yrs., all of Thomasville, N. C.; (37) Oscar H. Renner, dry goods, 19¼ yrs., and (38) John W. Truxaw, physician, 21¼ yrs., both of Anaheim, Calif.

(39) Ernest D. Kemery, furniture, 21½ yrs., Angola, Ind.; (40) A. R. Waters, osteopathic physician, 21½ yrs., Chico, Calif.; (41) E. F. Beranek, drugs, 16¼ yrs., Ord, Nebr.; (42) W. B. Shotwell, florist, 20 yrs., Fargo, N. Dak.; (43) Howard Chadwick, insurance, 16½ yrs., Point Pleasant, N. J.; (44) Harold J. Hickey, creamery products, 15½ yrs., Montgomery, Ala.

(45) Charles H. Lachair, obstetrics, 21½ yrs., and (46) Leslie W. Brownfield, honorary, 21½ yrs., both of Uniontown, Pa.; (47) Arthur C. Bone, dentist, 15½ yrs., Rocky Mount, N. C.; (48) Earl W. Weber, shoe retailer, 17½ yrs., and (49) Webster Yeager, grocer, 17½ yrs., both of Phoenixville, Pa.; (50) R. A. L. Gray, bearing mfg., 15½ yrs., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

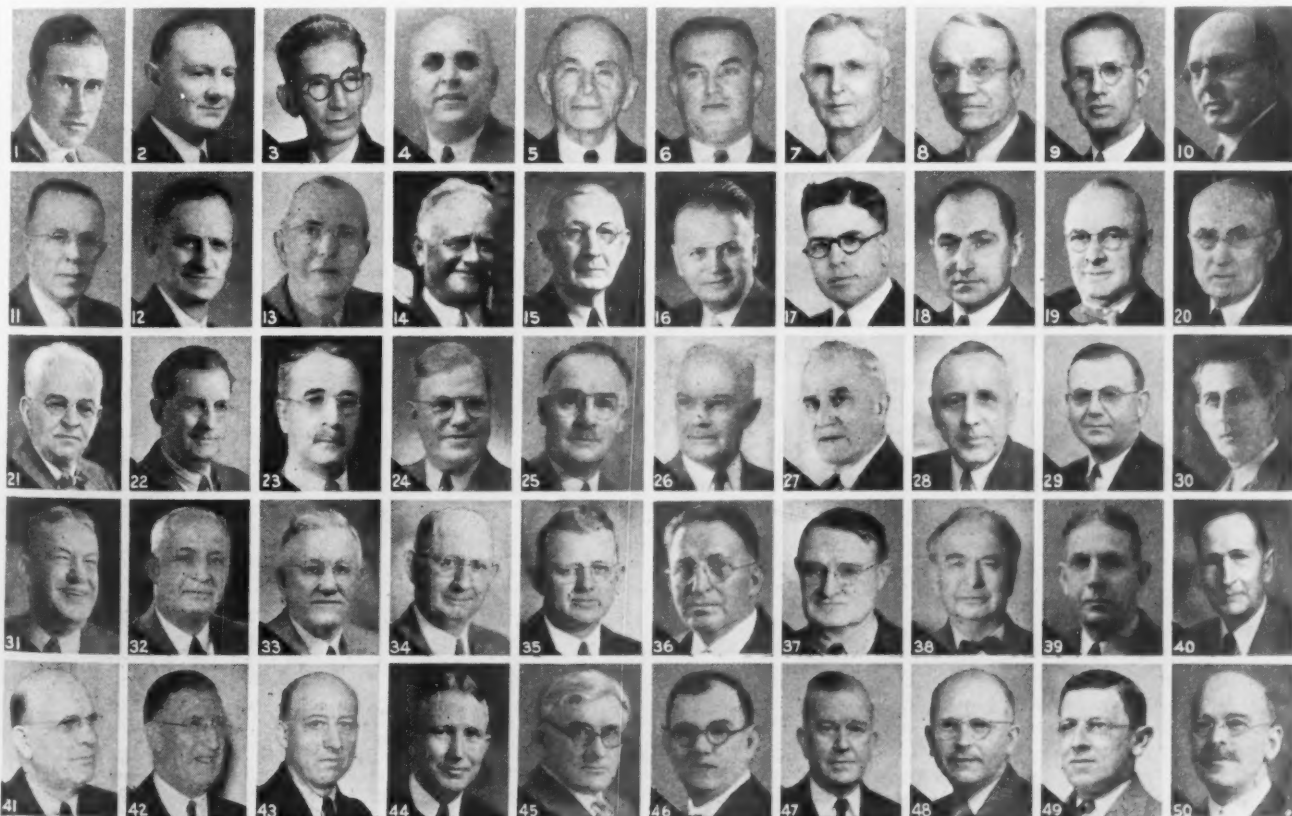


Photo: (43) Tupper



## Talking It Over

[Continued from page 3]

about a month ago and activities in that direction [exhibitions for the blind] had to be curtailed somewhat. Also we have been planning some very large exhibitions these months which have used up all available space. . . . We definitely plan to hold some such exhibit for the blind whenever space and facilities permit.

If, in the meantime, art visitors who are blind wish special guidance through the Museum, we shall be very happy to serve in this capacity. We would appreciate your informing any such future museumgoers of this convenience. . . . Thus, although we may have no special exhibit for the blind on view, they will be conducted to those objects which will be of special interest to them.

### About Soapy, Bond Seller

By VANCE M. WELBORN, *Rotarian*  
*Finance-Company Executive*  
*Asheboro, North Carolina*

You have carried your reports on the efforts of Rotary Clubs to promote sales of war savings stamps and bonds, but you haven't yet told your readers about my dog Soapy, who is a walking advertisement to buy bonds [see cut]. He has been advertising them through this



medium for the past month on the streets of Asheboro and always attracts attention wherever he goes, which is plenty. I have been thinking of painting him with phosphorus paint so that his ad could be seen at night, as he seems to get around more than than during the day.

Soapy is white and black spotted and the letters are painted on in red with blue stars spaced over his various spots. I don't know how many sales he has stimulated, but he is known about the city of Asheboro as the "patriotic" dog.

### 'Adoption' by Correspondence

Told by DOUGLAS MARTIN, *Rotarian*  
*Hendon, England*

I am fortunate in having your excellent magazine sent to me every month by a Rotarian in Massachusetts and I thoroughly enjoy reading it.

I notice in the March issue an article *Clubs Help in 'National Service'* [Rotary Reporter section] and I wonder if the following would be worthy of inclusion:

Nearly all the Rotary Clubs of London have a standing invitation to two Empire servicemen to lunch with them

and then one of the members of the Club takes in hand the entertainment of these boys for the rest of the day. He then writes to the wife or parents of the boys telling them of the personal contact. It is found that this news from a third party is much appreciated by parents in distant lands.

Individual Rotarians are also operating a scheme for the "adoption" by correspondence of Empire servicemen who have been taken prisoners of war in Germany. This particularly applies to men from New Zealand and Australia whose mail from home must, of necessity, be so long delayed. Friendly, cheery letters are sent and from time to time books and cigarettes, which can arrive far more regularly than from the farthest corners of the Empire and help to cheer the lonely prisoner and let him know he is not forgotten.

### Build Peace on Moral Code

Asks LAWRENCE MILLER  
*Honorary Rotarian*  
*Realtor*  
*Dallas, Texas*

While we are giving thought to "a world to live in," as THE ROTARIAN is doing in its present series by that name, I believe we should remember that the great majority of men and women throughout the world are religiously inclined, whether formally bound to some sect or not. Each religion finds itself in agreement with the others on what constitutes good and evil. These essential agreements, as they grow out of man's essential nature, might easily be formalized into a code of moral conduct to which all might subscribe.

At the conclusion of this war—may it soon come!—men of goodwill representing all peoples must come together not just to patch up another peace, but to reconstruct a civilization on a world-wide foundation of such a code of moral

conduct, as binding on nations as on individuals.

### International Realtors Needed

Says FRED CLARK, *Clergyman*  
*Secretary, Rotary Club*  
*Cottonwood Falls, Kansas*

I have just returned from addressing a number of men who have gone into the armed forces. They seemed cheerful enough at serving their country at a time like this. Nobody likes war, but there are worse things than war—as several contributors to the "A World to LIVE In" series in THE ROTARIAN have pointed out.

There ought to be more international conferences. Every organization of any importance has one meeting a year. Methodists have their annual conference, Presbyterians have their synod, the Baptists have their convention. Doctors, dentists, undertakers, editors, all these and more have meetings once a year to discuss things of mutual interest.

Possibly another thing that might speed world-wide peace would be more international abstract writers. If I want land, I go to my real-estate dealer and ask what he has for sale. If I acted as some nations do—fight my brother man for it—I would soon find myself in the electric chair.

Nations can buy land, too. The United States bought The Philippines. Great tracts of land in the continental United States were purchased from France and some from Mexico. Why cannot all nations announce themselves in the market for land when they need it?

Much more could be said, but the fact remains that international conferences can take the place of wars. Because wars have ever been does not mean that wars shall ever be. Mankind has not reached the end of its efforts to stop war.

## What's Ahead for the Endowed School?

Schools Must Prove Right to Be Supported—R. M. Hutchins

[Continued from page 14]

and universities, relative to private institutions. Nevertheless, I can think of no important idea or movement in American higher education in the last 75 years which did not originate in the endowed universities. The essential difference between public and private institutions is that the private institutions are relatively freer from public and political pressure. They are in a better position to try out new ideas, maintain academic freedom, set high standards, keep the gaze of the entire educational system directed at its proper objective.

If the private institutions do not accept the responsibilities and risks that go with their greater freedom, they have no real justification for existence. If they do accept these special responsibilities, I have faith that they will not lack adequate support.

What are the special tasks of the private colleges and universities today? The first task is the drastic clarification of objectives at all levels of education. The second is a general reorganization, based on such clarification, which will eliminate the waste and confusion which characterize the entire system.

The public does not now understand the difference between a college and a university. Worse still, many colleges and universities do not seem to understand it.

The function of a college is general education—that education which every citizen should have, as a citizen, in proportion to his capacity to receive it. The function of a university is advanced and specialized training, and research.

It is now apparent that general education can be completed by the end of



## Our Adventure in Adoption

[Continued from page 27]

what is now the sophomore year of college. Through a historical accident the American educational system became committed to a program consisting of eight years' elementary school, four years' high school, and four years' "college," followed in some cases by graduate and professional study. This 16-year program can be cut to 14 years through the elimination of duplication, through the elimination of courses which have no relevance to general education, and through greater emphasis on hard work as opposed to "college life." The "college" period could begin at what is now the junior year of high school. The bachelor's degree, symbolizing the completion of general education, could be given, as we now give it at the University of Chicago, at the end of what used to be the sophomore year of "college."

If the private colleges of the United States will sponsor such a reform as this (or, if they can find one, a better plan to improve general education and reduce its cost), they will justify their existence and deserve support.

The private universities have comparable obligations. I believe that it is vital to the health of higher education in the United States that at least half a dozen strategically located private universities, free from political control, be maintained in full strength because of the salutary influence they will exert on the State-supported universities. Like the private colleges, they also must point the way toward the elimination of waste and duplication.

One ready answer to the financial problems of private universities is closer cooperation among them. It is not necessary that every university be great in every field. Let them divide up the specialties, particularly in those fields which require expensive facilities and personnel. Let those universities which serve the same geographical area move toward consolidation.

If the private institutions will accept the rôle of leadership and pioneering, they will help to save the public educational system, and work out their own salvation too.

Endowments have a way of shrinking, even with the best management. They must be constantly replenished; or they must be supplemented by a steady stream of consumable gifts for current operations. We may reasonably doubt that the future will see the formation of any such spectacular private fortunes as those which financed private educational institutions during the last 100 years. It is also reasonable to expect that there will always be enough men with enough private means to maintain the best of the private institutions, *if enough of these men are convinced that such institutions are valuable.*

point-blank, but to treat it lightly. "Oh, the princess wants the moon, does she?" Or I try to show her that what she wants is of no importance and not worth bothering her head about.

Some people seem to think that children like to be mean and irritating. We don't. We think that every child wants to win the approval of those he loves and eventually of society. He doesn't want to do wrong, but he needs help in doing right.

No child, whether born to you or adopted, comes with a guaranty that he'll turn out right. It's up to you to see that he gets fair treatment and a chance to make good as he grows up.

The chance of unsuspected bad habits shouldn't scare people who think of adopting older children. If you take reasonable care in your choice, you can be pretty sure that every bad habit will be far outweighed by many good qualities. That is true of our three children. Bob is a genuinely good-hearted child whom everyone likes at once. In his manner of meeting people and showing interest in them he was surprisingly adult even at the age of 7. Ray has a keen mind. He is always delving into things to find out what makes the wheels go around. He carries a dictionary in his pocket and can talk interestingly on any topic from alarm clocks to weaving rugs. Ruth is an independent youngster with a flair for style and for mathematics—an unusual combination. She makes friends quickly and has the faculty of being able to keep a group of children happy and working together.

The other question people ask is: "How can you mold an older child into what you want?" But we don't want to mold our children into replicas of ourselves or into any preconceived pattern. We want them to grow into sturdy upstanding citizens, each with his own personality.

People who adopt older children must have a certain flexibility. To a definite extent, they have to adapt their ways to those of their new children. I know of a college professor and wife who applied for a child. Agencies investigated them and pronounced them admirable people. They got an attractive little girl. But the agency found out some months later that the child was miserable. Though the professor and his wife had wanted a child, they wanted their own fixed inflexible routine to go on the same as before. They gave the little girl a good home, good food, clothes, and schooling, and thought that was enough. They didn't want to be bothered with trying to make her happy.

The agency very properly took the child away from them.

Knowing about the long search we had to find them, our children have a certain feeling of superiority. Far from being ashamed of being adopted children, they are proud of it. One day Ray dragged a little girl friend up to teacher's desk. "Teacher," he said, "she won't believe that I'm adopted. Please tell her that it's so!"

Yet now that three years have passed, and Bob is 10, Ray 9, and Ruth 8, it seems as if we had been a family since the beginning. The past is the past. The present and the future are ours. Within the family we sometimes talk of things that happened "before I came to live here." But these things are our secret.

It is hard for anyone who has had a normal amount of loving in his own home to realize how hungry adopted children are for it. Even our 10-year-old Bob likes to crawl into our laps and snuggle down. We let him stay till he feels satisfied, knowing that thus we are giving him strength as vital to his well-being as the vitamins we feed him daily. Sometimes in the midst of her play Ruth will come running to one of us, put up her face to be kissed. A violent round of hugs and kisses and she dashes back to join the game. For my husband and me, there is deep happiness in knowing that we can give these youngsters so easily that which they need most. Come wars, come the revolution, when the world totters about our ears, we can still give our children something that will make them better able to deal with life as they find it.

There are satisfactions in adopting a family that real parents know not. When Ray says, "I'm glad I've got *you* for a daddy, you're the best daddy I've ever had," it means something. He has known other daddies in foster homes before he came to us.

"We'd like to adopt children," people often say to us, "only our future is so uncertain. We are afraid we can't give them the things they need to make them happy."

But fortunately it is not *things* that make children really happy, not money, toys, a college education, but the subtle elements of which a family life is made. Our advice to these cautious couples is: "Don't worry about the material things of life. Concentrate on making your marriage a success and your home happy, whatever your income or station in life. Bring children up in this atmosphere. Let them have a real part in it. The material things will matter less than ever to all of you."

## Opinion

### Organize Training for Youth!

W. T. MARTIN, *Rotarian*  
Superintendent of Primary Education  
Adelaide, Australia

The totalitarian States have abused education, but whilst we deplore their exploitation of youth we must not shut our eyes to the evidence that one of the best means of achieving national ideals is an organized training and education of youth. How many of us could say offhand what we wish the young generation to become, or what type of personality we wish to prevail? Have our national ideals become so blurred that we do not know what we are aiming at? If that is so, the future is gloomy. Hovering between a thousand possibilities the personalities of the coming generation will dissolve and not develop unless we get a grip on ourselves and replace our present vagueness and uncertainty by a clear-cut organized effort to strengthen and make evident, in our youth-training institutions, the essential characteristics of an urbane and truly civilized citizen.

—From a Rotary Club address.

### A Song for Rotarians

ROY A. RICHMOND, *Rotarian*  
Clergyman  
Aurora, Nebraska

This original poem is my contribution to Rotary. It is sung to the tune of *Maryland, My Maryland*.

Days may come and days may go,  
Rotary, my Rotary.  
Your fellowship is sweet to know,  
Rotary, my Rotary.  
Our love for you will always be  
Like pure and warm sincerity;  
We'll always strive for unity,  
Rotary, my Rotary.

What must then our watchword be,  
Rotary, my Rotary.  
Let all men live in harmony,  
Rotary, my Rotary.  
We'll stretch a hand across the sea  
To clasp your hand in unity,  
Our world-wide call shall ever be  
International Rotary.

### Democracy and the Rotary Club

LEON PROVINCE  
High-School Student  
Grenada, Mississippi

No one can doubt that Rotary has been a factor in the strengthening of democratic principles in all nations. Our ancestors who first touched the shores of America were in search of freedom of speech, freedom of congregation, and religious freedom. In fact, in our present time, the "knockout blows" which the dictatorial countries gave the Rotary Clubs in overrun nations show that Rotary is dangerous to their interests. In a Rotary Club, every man has a chance to speak for himself, put forth his own views with the utmost security as far as fear of persecution goes from rulers. In the United States alone Rotary Clubs have sponsored approximately 15,000 Boy Scout troops. This great organization of boys being trained in the right way makes a foundation for our democracy in the future. Yes, democracy

must be taught by our nation to the men of tomorrow in order to clear their concept of what democracy is and can be.—From a Rotary essay contest.

### Man Is Slowly Moving Forward

JASPER DAVIES, *Rotarian*  
Retail Stationer  
North Sydney, Australia

It is still common practice to increase profits by adulteration, shoddy goods represented as genuine, short weight, and lying advertising. Landlords still draw large rents for hovels not fit for pigs to live in. The financial nabobs still sacrifice every humane feeling to the accumulation of riches, gold mines are still found in Pitt Street; science is more and more prostituted to the creation of agents of destruction. . . . However, let us take heart. Slowly but surely man is moving forward to a finer conception of his purpose and dignity, and in that forward movement Rotary can in growing measure assist. . . . The ever-broadening foundations we are laying on those first put down by earlier Rotarians will make it easier for succeeding generations—our children and their children—to raise a superstructure worthy of man's nobility of soul.—From a Rotary Club address.

### Not Hate, but 'Not-Hate'

R. LEWIS WRIGHT, *Rotarian*  
Government Food Executive  
Wednesbury, England

Right before us, staring at us, is what can be done. . . . If in less than ten years a German generation can be taught to believe in simple faith that there is only one ideal, only one aim in life, to hate the rest of the world and live or die for that ideal, then surely we

might try to use *no hate* as a basic force to do something on opposite lines for our children. . . .

When this war is done, can't we try to do something like that to attain the great end for generations to come—wouldn't it be even worth our own elimination to stop influencing children the wrong way? It's one way out—and in 100, 1,000, perhaps 10,000 years will come the deliberate segregation of all young children to whom *hate* in any form will be a thing unknown and unrealizable.—From a Rotary Club address.

### Coöperation—Rotary's Meaning

EURICO BRANCO RIBEIRO, *Rotarian*  
Surgeon  
São Paulo, Brazil

Being invested of the Presidency of Rotary International in 1940, Armando de Arruda Pereira uttered in Havana, Cuba, the great word *Coöperation*. This sincere word was not lost. As it contained the truth, it grew roots. Coöperation—this is the real meaning of Rotary activities in these troubled times. Every one of us should try to coöperate.

Coöperate inside the Clubs—helping the administration, assisting the execution of Rotary plans, sharing in all the accomplished activities.

Coöperate in private life—influencing in a beneficial way those who live under the same roof, guiding the most intimate acts with dignity, respecting moral laws, and so giving an example of useful life.

Coöperate in public life—contributing for improvement of the surroundings, respecting other people's rights, helping all the useful enterprises from private or official institutions.

Coöperate in professional life—practicing activities approved by sound ethics, helping the development of class association, promoting good understanding among his colleagues.

Coöperate in international life—presenting practical solutions for cases being debated, spreading knowledge about other peoples and nations. . . .

Chesley R. Perry is right, quite right.

## Odd Shots

Can you match the photo below for uniqueness, human interest, coincidence, or just plain out-of-the-ordinary-ness? Then send it to the Editors of *The Rotarian*. You will receive a check for \$3 if your "odd shot" is used. But remember—it must be different!



"THE WITCH Who Wears Her Broom in Her Hair"—a bizarre rock formation in Wisconsin, near Tomah, the home of Rotary Club Secretary A. E. Luckenbill, who took this picture.



when he proposes that we put "coöperation" above all ideals we strive for in Rotary. Coöperation is the "magic word" that may lead Rotary successfully even through the troublesome times of war. "International understanding, goodwill, and coöperation" will always be—during peace as during war—a splendid motive for Rotary's activities. If instead of the word "peace" in the text of the Objects of Rotary it were written "coöperation," maybe many Clubs would not have been closed in countries on which war has been imposed.

#### Youth Needs Guidance

RICHARD ROSENBERG  
High-School Student  
Shawano, Wisconsin

Upon looking at the minutes of a Rotary youth assembly held at Havana, Cuba, in June, 1940, I noticed something that to me seemed of especial importance. Andy Benson, of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, brought a few facts to bear on the youth problem. He said, "The American public spends 16 billion dollars a year to combat crime in the United States and the majority of these crimes are committed by boys between the ages of 18-25." But allow me to remind you that the stage for these crimes is set years before—namely, during the later years of grade school and also during the high-school years. . . .

It is quite obvious that the cause of this tremendous national problem, whose roots are imbedded in the minds of the Americans at a certain stage of their development, lies in the guidance given to the youth at this their most vital stage. That stage could easily be called "the stage of being easily influenced."—From a Rotary District Conference address.

#### When the Butter Isn't Passed

J. A. PARK, Rotarian  
Dean of Men, Ohio State University  
Columbus, Ohio

He's a prince! How often we can elevate to the nobility our fellow members, and be sure that elevation is richly deserved.

There's a tall Yankee-type manufacturer. His heart and purse are at the service of most of the social institutions of the city, never in a manner drawing attention to himself.

Here's a breezy chap whose interest in handicapped children absorbs much of his time.

At the same table is a quiet, thoroughgoing fellow who leads in the Community Fund effort every year.

Across the aisle is a physician whose heart is bigger than any he has ever examined, and whose skill is equally available to the rich and the poor.

Coming in a little late, as usual, is a frosty-haired architect, whose creations are scattered about the city, but who puts more of himself into his church and friendships than into his buildings.

Here a teacher, there a merchant, yonder an insurance man, might be raised to royal rank. Give a thought to this when your neighbor fails to pass the butter, and you begin to think the Club has begun to deteriorate.



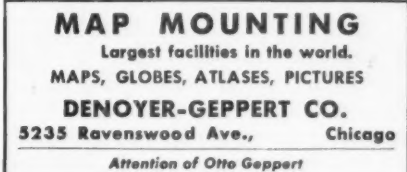
#### FLUORESCENT LIGHTING



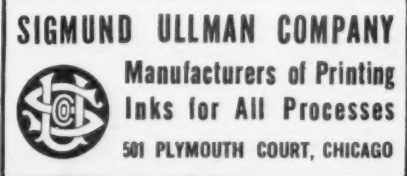
#### LABELS



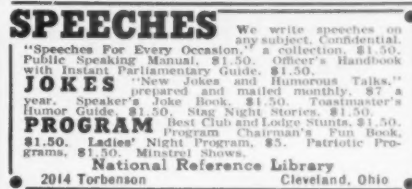
#### MAPS and MAP MOUNTING



#### PRINTING INKS



#### PROGRAM MATERIAL



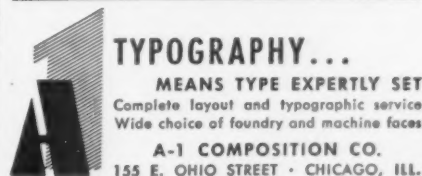
#### LECTURES ON JAPAN

Headline your Rotary Club Program, Inter-city or Family Night with  
**JAMES R. (Jimmy) YOUNG**  
13 Years a Tokyo News Correspondent  
An outstanding, dynamic, coast-to-coast lecturer, magazine and news writer.  
Address:  
Jimmy Young, 333 East 43rd St., New York City

#### ROTARY CLUB SUPPLIES



#### TYPOGRAPHERS



#### THEY HAVE WHAT IT TAKES TO BUY WHAT YOU SELL

Rotarians buy. They provide a market made-to-order for any quality product for use in home or business—175,000 men who hold responsible positions—presidents, general managers, partners or owners of businesses, professional men—leaders in their communities. . . . They have what it takes to buy what you sell. . . . And this new directory of Products and Services (maximum size 1 col. x 2", minimum 1 col. x 1") is their guide to quality products. . . . For further information about this directory or other display space, write THE ROTARIAN, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois.



**Overcome Weeds**  
SEED YOUR LAWN  
THIS FALL.

READ *Lawn Care*  
IT TELLS WHY

"My lawn is beautiful ... thanks to your fine Seed and Turf Builder ... Planted three weeks and have mowed it once already," writes Mr. Beattie Gwyn, of Marion, Va. Start your Scott lawn this fall or convert your present lawn to one of outstanding beauty. Write today for Scott's FREE Lawn Care Bulletin ... they tell how your lawn can very inexpensively be the envy of the neighborhood.



O. M. SCOTT and SONS CO.  
248 Main Street - Marysville, Ohio

**Scott's**  
FOR LAWN BEAUTY



**CERTAINLY!**

YOU DON'T NEED TO BE A MEMBER OF A ROTARY CLUB TO SUBSCRIBE FOR 'THE ROTARIAN' BY SENDING \$1.50 (U.S. & CANADA) TO 'THE ROTARIAN' MAGAZINE 35 E. WACKER DR., CHICAGO

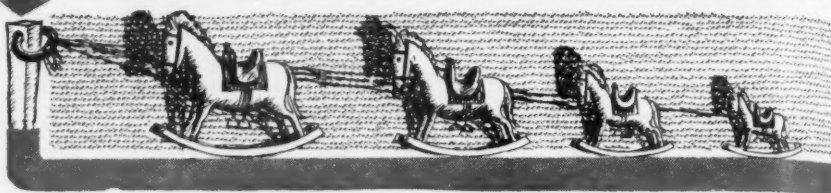
Chicago's distinctive hotel... moderate rates... central location... quiet rooms... bring the kiddies—no extra charge

OTTO K. EITEL  
Mng. Director



**CHICAGO BISMARCK HOTEL**  
RANDOLPH AT LA SALLE

## Hobbyhorse Hitching Post



FROM a hobby to a business is not uncommon for adult hobbyists—but for the young son of STANLEY HILLER, a member of the Rotary Club of San Francisco, California, it was quite a jump. But since it also serves as a hobby for the parent, it comes into THE GROOM'S stables, and the story is told by ROTARIAN HILLER himself.

**M**Y SON, STANLEY, was in the barn talking with several of his friends. They were all model-airplane enthusiasts and each had built several planes—but I gathered that STANLEY's ardor was waning. His models took too much work for the short time they lasted. I understand they discussed model automobiles for a while, but the first I knew of it was STANLEY calling for me, and bursting into my study.

"Dad, how do they make automobiles so cheap that anybody can have one, and still they don't wear out quickly?" was all he wanted to know. I plunged, and tried to explain the modern assembly-line technique—that the preparation of parts in quantity was the answer.

"Why do you want to know," I asked.

"Oh, I just do—I think I'll go into the automobile business," was his modest rejoinder. Trying to keep from smiling at the thought of STANLEY, aged 12, in competition with Henry Ford, I replied, "Well, son, it's a hard business—be careful."

STANLEY went back to the barn and discussed it with his fellows. They thought that if a model car could be made in quantity—one that wouldn't break every run it made, as their air-

planes did—it would be possible to turn them out at a low price.

With gears from a mechanical set, tin, and wood, STANLEY finally turned out a model that ran with his airplane motor. This was in 1936. With a wire, he drove it in a circle—and when he needed a larger space, he took it to the school playground. The enthusiasm there convinced him he was on the right track.

He kept after me about it until we finally formed a "partnership." We secured an expert machinist, developed parts that were strong and simple, and then went to work on machinery that would turn them out in quantity.

The work was tough, and often the disappointments were heartbreaking. There were months on end when nothing seemed to go right. Through it all we clung to the original idea the boys had: a good model automobile that all the fellows could afford.

The dream that STANLEY and his friends had a few years ago is no longer a dream, but a reality. Dies, presses, and machinery have all been installed, bit by bit, and we now have a complete miniature assembly line. Presses hum, belts creak and pull, and each tiny part comes out a finished, hard piece of metal that is capable of standing up under hard abuse.

Just as every motorcar manufacturer tests out every new and improved method, machine, or material, so we did also. Each machine on the line was carefully figured out on paper, tried, rejected, and tried again until satisfactory.

The miniature car is now a reality. The car that was once only an idea in

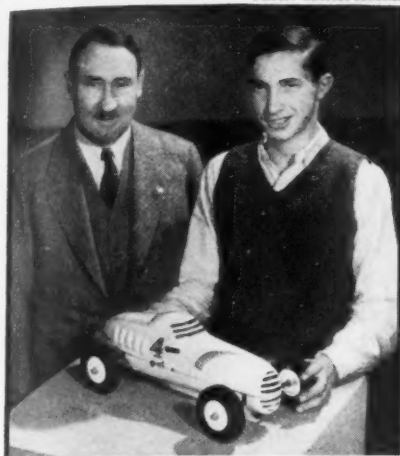


THE END OF THE assembly line. Here the completed racing cars receive final test and go into the clever cartons which serve not only as shipping cases, but as "garages" as well.

the mind of a boy is now a sleek, shiny, streamlined car—a car new enough in design for STANLEY to have secured a patent on it. A dream that started one afternoon in a boy's workshop has become an industry.

As a result of constant improvement,

Photo: Gabriel Moulin



THE HILLER partners, a Rotarian and his son—with a model fresh from their miniature-car plant in San Francisco, Calif. The youth's hobby started the business.

we found we could make every part of the car in our own plant. In November, 1941, we began experimental work for the Army. This has grown so that we are now doing die casting for several defense industries.

From a hobby to a defense workshop is a long jump, but we have made it, and hobby-trained boys have become machinists for the United States!

Should THE GROOM's stablemate, THE STRIPPED GEARS FIXER, ever run out of material for his page (see pages 62-63), he might well call on ROTARIAN FRED P. ROSSITER, of Pomona, California, whose hobby is jokes! He collects them—and, yes, laughs at them.

Number 1 in the extensive joke collection of FRED P. ROSSITER, a member of the Rotary Club of Pomona, California, is a Mark Twain anecdote. It happened in the days when the railroads issued passes to all ministers, newspapermen, and other favored classes. Mark Twain, a reporter at that time, wrote to the Missouri Pacific at St. Louis, requesting his free pass.

The agent replied on the bottom of the letter: "Never heard of you. Where is your paper published and where is it circulated?" To which Mark promptly answered in a scribbled note below the question: "Published in Virginia City, Nevada. Circulated in Nevada, California, Arizona, Oregon, Idaho, Utah, and we have a hard time to keep it from going to hell."

That one he clipped during high-school days, and it started him on joke gathering as a hobby. It gives him much enjoyment and makes his office a rendezvous for speakers.

His file contains more than 5,000 humorous stories, all different. They come from newspapers, magazines, over the radio, and from his friends. Wherever

he goes he has the knack of picking up a story or two he has never heard before. They are filed by subject, and graded according to pungency and wit. He has more Negro stories than any other kind, with the Pat and Mike Irish variety a close second.

ROTARIAN ROSSITER says that some people can tell a joke without the slightest provocation. Others must have an opening—like the man in the restaurant who wanted to tell one about a gun. He tipped the waiter a half dollar to slam a door, and the bang "reminded" him of the story.

Perhaps ROTARIAN ROSSITER's favorite is the one about Sandy MacTavish, who always held his nose when he took a drink of whisky. This peculiar habit mystified his friends until one asked him why he did it. "Weel, mon," Sandy replied, "whenever I smell guid whusky, it makes my mouth water—and I dinna like my drinks diluted."

So many of his friends want to see his jokes in book form that the joke collector is planning to publish them. But even after that, he won't quit collecting jokes—the laugh habit has him!



WANT a joke? Here's how Rotarian Rossiter picks his choice laughables at short notice.

## What's Your Hobby?

Whatever your hobby may be, it will serve as an invitation to many interesting, helpful contacts if you permit THE HOBBYHORSE GROOM to list it—free—below. The GROOM's only requirement: that you be a Rotarian or a member of a Rotarian's family.

**Natural History:** Bob Mohr (son of Rotarian)—collects and exhibits natural-history specimens; wishes correspondence with others similarly interested—preferably in West, 2905 Valentine Ave., Bronx, New York, N. Y., U.S.A.

**Pen Pals:** Joe Hall (young son of Rotarian)—wishes correspondence with pen pals in United States and other English-speaking countries, Hartselle, Ala., U.S.A.

**Buttons, Pencils:** Mrs. O. R. Schochow (wife of Rotarian)—collects old and odd buttons, dogs, odd envelopes with stamps attached, advertising lead pencils, minerals; will exchange, 210 3rd Ave. N., Virginia, Minn., U.S.A.

**Match Covers:** Rodney Johnson (12-year-old nephew of Rotarian)—collects match covers; will trade, 712 Sanford St., Red Wing, Minn., U.S.A.

**Pitchers:** Mrs. Martin C. Sughrue (wife of Rotarian)—collects pitchers of any size; wishes correspondence with other collectors; will exchange, Indianola, Nebr., U.S.A.

**Little Shoes:** Evelyn Phelps (collects little wooden and glass shoes; will exchange), Ahoskie, N. C., U.S.A.

**War Cartoons:** James E. Wallen, M.D. (collects war cartoons with their dates from any part of Rotary world; welcomes additions), 110 W. 3rd St., Ottawa, Kans., U.S.A.

—THE HOBBYHORSE GROOM

TODAY . . . we offer

the same advice we gave

during World War I

BUY

## ORIENTAL RUGS now!

For years after the last war, customers thanked us again and again for urging them to buy their Orientals—which were as scarce in 1917 as they are now. That's why we are again advising everyone to buy oriental rugs now.

As direct importers, we have first hand information about the critical conditions in the Orient, and know that imports have practically stopped. Fortunately, our reserve stock is enormous—and prices still reasonable. So take our suggestion, make your selection now. Rugs shipped on approval to Rotarians and their friends.

★

Free Booklet!

"Care of Oriental Rugs"

★

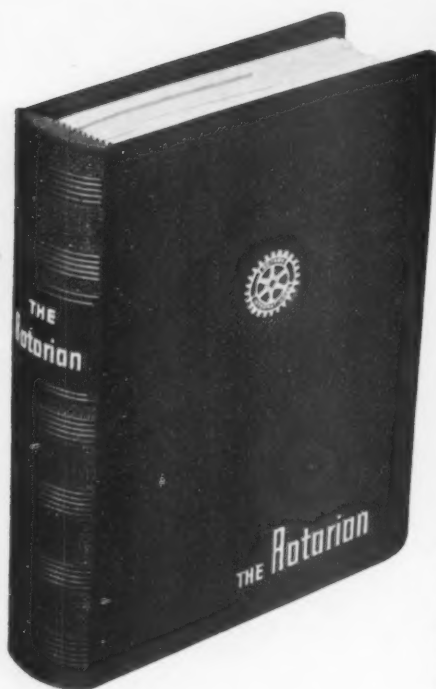
Nahigian Bros., Inc.

169 N. Wabash Ave.

Chicago, Illinois

## Mail for Soldiers!

Postal authorities are anxious to deliver mail promptly to men in the armed services. That includes copies of "The Rotarian" which you have subscribed for your son or nephew or fellow member of your Club now on leave. May we ask, therefore, that as soon as you know of a change in address of a serviceman who receives the magazine, send it to the Circulation Department, care of "The Rotarian," 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois. It will help "keep 'em reading"!



## A New Binder for Your 'Rotarians'

Here is a beautiful binder that will prove useful to any subscriber to THE ROTARIAN. It is especially valuable for club officers and libraries.

Strong, durable, simple in construction, easy to operate, it holds 12 magazines in a convenient, orderly manner.

It is equipped with a new style holder which affords quick and easy insertion and withdrawal of the magazines.

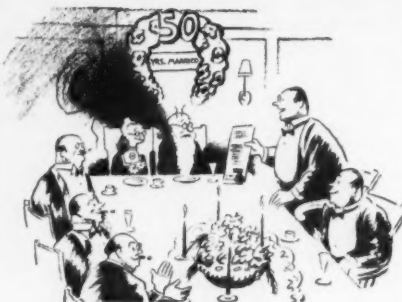
Its handsome deep-blue burlap grained Kingskraft cover, embossed in gold, will make an attractive addition to your library table or shelf.

Practical for ready reference, it enables you to keep your copies of THE ROTARIAN where you can find them.

Each issue of THE ROTARIAN contains valuable information. Decide now to keep your copies in this beautiful and serviceable binder.

The price is \$2.50 delivered in the United States, \$3.00 in other countries. Order by name—THE ROTARIAN Binder.

**The ROTARIAN**  
35 E. Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill.



"AND SO, in behalf of the E. Z. Payment Plan Company, I am sincerely pleased to inform you that the furniture is now yours."

### My Favorite Story

Two dollars will be paid to Rotarians or their wives submitting stories used under this heading. Send entries to Stripped Gears, THE ROTARIAN Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago. The following story is contributed by the Rev. Louis Hieb, a member of the Rotary Club of Ogallala, Nebraska.

"Sam," said the Colonel to his Negro cook, "I'm having special company on Thursday and I want your best turkey dinner. Now, none of your wild fowl. Get me a domestic, corn-fed turkey. Do you understand?"

"Yah, suh, yah, suh," replied Sam.

Came the festive affair. Placed before the Colonel was a beautiful done-to-perfection turkey. He was pleased until he made a first cut. Then he frowned. Then a second cut. He held his knife and called his cook from the kitchen.

"Sam, didn't I tell you I wanted a domestic, corn-fed bird?"

"Yah, suh, yah, suh—dat am a domestic, corn-fed bird."

"Well, then," said the Colonel, "how about this shot here and there?"

"Well, suh," said Sam, shuffling from one foot to the other, "yuh see, suh, dat shot war meant fer me!"

### Inverted Pyramid

Across: 1. A state carriage. 2. To draw out. 3. A fermented beverage. 4. In creature.

Downward: 1. In creature. 2. A pronoun. 3. A girl's name. 4. Regulation. 5. To frost. 6. A diphthong. 7. In creature.

### Inclusive Service

Arrange the names of Rotary's 1942-43 international Directors (including the First, Second, and Third Vice-Presi-

dents, of course) one above the other in such a way that running vertically through them will be the words "Rotary Service."

The answers to the two puzzles above will be found on page 63.

### Lament of a Film Fan's Spouse

I am tired of projectors and film super-pan,

For I am the spouse of a cinema fan; In the midst of a meal, just prior to the finish,

We stop to make movies of Junior and spinach;

My husband has close-upped our only bambino

Till sometimes I swear I am going to Reno!

At night, when I'm bathing the boy in the tub,

And all in a hurry to finish the scrub, My husband appears with his camera, so what?

Both baby and soapsuds just have to be shot;

I try to be calm and I always count ten,

Just hoping he'll tire of his hobby—but WHEN?

We've movies of Sonny at play in the snow—

The cold which he caught has been cured long ago;

We've fine shots of Junior at play in the sand—

Why it got in his mouth Daddy can't understand;

We've pictures of Little Rogue running away,

But none of the spanking Mom gave him that day!

The flickers at our house just super-abound—

O Heavens! He says NEXT he's taking up SOUND!

—AMY VANCE WEEKS

### Tales Twice Told

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him that hears it, never in the tongue of him that makes it.—Shakespeare.

### One More

Papa glared sternly at his young hopeful. "Another bite like that, young man," he said, "and you'll leave the table."

Sonny looked up. "Another bite like that," he agreed, "and I'll be finished."

—Wall Street Journal.

### All Right with Him

Tailor (after measuring customer):

"How about a small deposit?"

Customer: "Just as you like; if that's



the style, put one on."—*Christian Science Monitor*.

### Real Entertainment

A salesman was passing through a small town and had several hours to while away. Seeing one of the natives, he inquired: "Any picture show in town, my friend?"

"Nope, nary a one, stranger," was the answer.

"Any poolroom or bowling alley?"

"None of them, either," came the reply.

"What form of amusement have you here?" asked the salesman.

"Waal, come on down to the drug-store. Thar's a freshman home from the university."—*TORONTO GLOBE & MAIL*.

### Almost As Bad

"I sometimes wonder, Mr. Highbrow, if there is anything vainer than you authors about the things you write."

"There is, madam—our efforts to sell them."—*SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE*.

### Call Sherlock Holmes

The captain of a sailing vessel was questioning a new hand regarding his knowledge of ships and the sea. After repeatedly receiving wrong answers, he asked, in exasperation: "Hang it all, man, tell me this: Where's the mizzen mast?"

"I don't know," replied the aspiring seaman. "How long has it been mizzen?"—*TIT-BITS*.

### Safe All Around

"Gus," said Bill, as he caught up with Gus on the way back to camp, "are all the rest of the boys out of the woods yet?"

"Yes," said Gus.

"All six of 'em?"

"Yes, all six of 'em."

"And they're all safe?"

"Yep," answered Gus, "they're all safe."

"Then," said Bill, his chest swelling, "I've shot a deer."—*WALL STREET JOURNAL*.

### Important

Judge: "You say you have known the defendant all your life. Tell the jury whether you think he would be guilty of stealing this money."

Witness: "How much was it?"—*THE BULLETIN, BAY CITY, TEXAS*.

### Mail and the Male

A well-regulated husband is one who can't pass a mailbox without feeling in his pockets.—*THE RO-TATER, GILMER, TEXAS*.

### Vacation Over?

If so, you can now do some things you've been putting off—such as writing lines for unfinished limericks. If you complete the tail-less one below, you place yourself in line for \$2. Send contributions to The Fixer, in care of "The Rotarian" Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois. Lines—send as many as you wish—must be received by November 1.—*Gears Eds.*

### Where Dough Goes

Our men are so easy to please  
They'll even eat crackers and cheese  
When their dough goes for those  
Whom Fate's socked on the nose,

Want a spot of aid to crank your limericker? Then work on these: breeze, ease, freeze, frieze, seize, sneeze, squeeze, tease, wheeze.

Now you carry the ball!

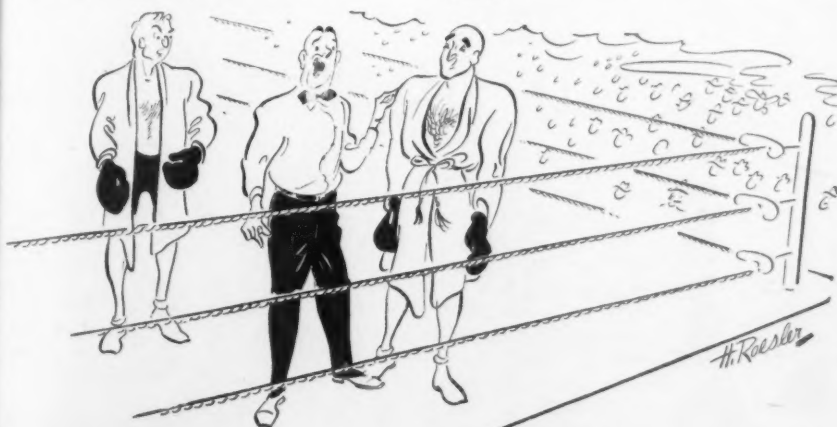
### Pye in the Dye

Despite a scurrilous, dastardly, unwarranted, and wholly uncalled-for and unconstitutional attack on the cognomen of the one who conducts this department (the entry was addressed to "Dear Stripper of the Fixed Gears Dept."), the always gracious FIXER tosses off the cruel blast and awards the prize for the best line submitted to complete the unfinished limerick in the June issue of THE ROTARIAN to John B. Millen, a member of the Rotary Club of Greensburg, Pennsylvania. Here's the limerick in toto:

A certain Rotarian named Dye  
Who always asked ev'ryone "Whye?"  
When pressed for remarks  
'pon playgrounds and parks,  
Groaned, "Whye me? I've not finished my pye."

### Answers to Puzzles on Page 62

INVERTED PYRAMID: Across: 1. Charlot. 2. Educ. 3. Ale. 4. e.  
INCLUSIVE SERVICE: caRswell. fOster. keTtaneh. hAas. pROper. almy. poulSton. stElger. cuRrie. daVis. tiffany. galgarCia. hamEl.



"THE CHAMP says he'll send his share to the Red Cross—together with the challenger."



### BOYS' SCHOOLS

### ADMIRAL FARRAGUT ACADEMY



Graduates in 75 colleges. Fully accredited. Special classes preparing for U. S. Government Academies. All sports. Band. Moderate rate. No extras. Separate junior school. Summer naval camp. Rear Admiral S. S. Robinson, U.S.N., Ret., Supt. Catalog. Box T, Toms River, N. J.



PREPAREDNESS HAS BEEN OUR JOB FOR 99 YEARS—Kemper's superior program of preparing young men to successfully meet life's battle will mean much to your son.

### KEMPER

MILITARY SCHOOL—Junior College, High School Fully accredited. Superior instruction. Modern buildings. \$200,000 gym. Indoor pool, rifle range. Five athletic fields, 94 acres. Catalog. Col. A.M. Hitch, 925 Third St., Booneville, Mo.

### SCHREINER INSTITUTE

A SOUTHERN SCHOOL FOR BOYS High School and Junior College Departments, all fully accredited. Endowed. Military. Small Classes. Supervised Study. Ideal winter climate. Sixty miles from San Antonio, Texas. For literature write

THE REGISTRAR,  
Box R, Kerrville, Texas

### BUSINESS

### YOU NEED ONLY 1/3

We finance the other two-thirds You can then pay when employed—No Position, No Pay. Established 50 years. 8 Big Buildings, 3,500 Students. New Gym. Stadium—Municipal Pool. Many college advantages. Send for FREE catalog.

CHILLICOTHE BUSINESS COLLEGE  
1500 Monroe St. Chillicothe, Mo.

### SPEECH DEFECTS

### SPEECH DEFECTS

#### Handicap Soldiers

30,000 rejected in the draft because of stammering, loss of voice, and other speech defects. Almost everyone of these can be corrected in two months, if treated scientifically—but the Government has no department for this work, hence the men are rejected or refused commission.

The Hawkes Speech Foundation, as a patriotic gesture, will pay the fee for the correction of any man eligible for the army refused enlistment or a commission.

For information write:

Dr. Frederick Martin, Director  
Martin Hall for Speech Correction,  
Bristol, Rhode Island

### SCHOOLS

will welcome inquiries from our subscribers. If you plan to send your children away to school, write today to schools represented on this page for complete details. Be sure to mention THE ROTARIAN.

# Last Page Comment

## THE FOUR OBJECTS OF ROTARY

To encourage and foster the ideal of service as a basis of worthy enterprise in particular to encourage and foster:

- (1) The development of acquaintance as an opportunity for service.
- (2) High ethical standards in business and professions, the recognition of the worthiness of all useful occupations, and the dignifying by each Rotarian of his occu-

pation as an opportunity to serve society.

- (3) The application of the ideal of service by every Rotarian to his personal, business, and community life.
- (4) The advancement of international understanding, goodwill, and peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the ideal of service.

## A CHINESE BOY

once visited the United States, and someone asked him what impressed him most about Americans. The lad thought long and hard, and then replied: "The peculiar slant of their eyes." Whose eyes slant "depends upon the point of view of the observer," as the books about relativity do declare. But the question is unimportant. So is the matter of whose skin, language, and mores are different from whose. What counts today is what people and nations believe. Is that not the line on which the nations are now divided—even more certainly than on the line of what they have or have not? Who can doubt, after a thoughtful reading of Madame Chiang Kai-shek's courageous message elsewhere in this issue, that her people are close kin in their yearnings and convictions to the people of Michigan or York-shire or South Africa or Queens-land, however far apart they may be in customs and comforts? These are times for magnifying similarities, for blending differences, and for learning about and from comrades and allies.

## FOUR AUTHORITIES

on Chinese culture have agreed, we read, that the outstanding characteristic of the Chinese people is their quality of reasonableness. A Chinese proverb helps to imbue it into Chinese children. It says: "If you lose your temper, it is a sign that you have wrong on your side." China has given the modern world its finest example of temper in leash. Perhaps it can impart some of its restraint and reasonableness to the new world it will one day help to build.

## LAST MONTH

Past Presidents of Rotary International paid heartfelt tributes to

Chesley R. Perry upon his retirement as General Secretary. This month we add to their intimate paragraphs one from Rotary's current President, Fernando Carbajal, of Peru. It is a translated excerpt from REVISTA ROTARIA, through which the President placed his tribute before the 15,000 Rotarians of Ibero-America:

... I wish to lay bare my own deep love and personal admiration for this great architect who, by his experience, his wise and apt advice, has contributed so signally to the rearing of the wonderful edifice—Rotary. In speaking thus for myself, I am but the echo of these same sentiments from Rotarians around the world; especially do I speak for those of my own Ibero-America, where the work of "Ches" Perry is regarded with sincere admiration and where "Ches" has won the hearts of all.

## BY THE WAY,

if you'd be correct, you will want to pronounce the President's surname thus: *Car-vah-hal*, accenting the last syllable lightly. Not that Fernando Carbajal insists. "Ferdie" suits him, he says. We thought you might like to know.

## SOMEWHERE IN KANSAS

Rotary's youngest District Governor, 30-year-old Dale H. Danielson, is probably off on a Rotary mission right now... and it's our guess that in his brief case is that excellent letter he got last Spring from his proud Rotarian dad, E. B. Danielson, of Russell, when he received his nomination. One paragraph of that letter seems especially apt in the yet young Rotary year. Here it is:

The year ahead will be the most severe test of the ability, resourcefulness, tenacity, originality, and fortitude of the officers of Rotary. A varied panorama of problems will present themselves, many of them grave and momentous. Continued clear thinking will be needed, impulsive action must be avoided. Every officer must grow with his job. There is

much evidence on the horizon of events to come that, in many ways, it will be Rotary's biggest year.

## WAR HAS CURTAILED

everything, it seems—except those tiresome announcements and introductions that spoil many a public program. The more's the pity. Elsewhere in these pages Dr. Charles M. Sheldon calls these time robbers "the deadly preliminaries." The days demand efficiency and a time-consciousness. Let Rotary Clubs hold fast to their reputations as "the most punctual group in town." Public speakers themselves are not always guiltless of "gumming up" programs, but in a recent letter Dr. Sheldon, himself a platform veteran, tells of one who scored high with his severest critic—his wife. Asked to name the best after-dinner speech her husband ever made, she answered brightly: "After dinner at our home last night, my husband said, 'My dear, you have had a hard day. Here, sit down and read the paper while I do the dishes.' That was his best after-dinner speech."

## IF YOU AGREE

to "pinch-hit" for someone else as a speaker or discussion leader, don't waste time apologizing. Suppose that a baseball player, sent in to bat for another man, first of all would say to the crowd: "I feel rather embarrassed in appearing before you at this time. I haven't had very much notice of this assignment. It was only at lunchtime that the manager asked me to get ready to pinch-hit for Jack Smith this afternoon. I am sorry that he isn't here beside this plate, for I am sure he could do a much better job of batting than I can." Wouldn't the "fans" howl him down? Your true pinch-hitter doesn't do that. He pulls down his cap, swings his bat, and knocks out a home run—or at least a base hit. And, figuratively speaking, that is what you, Mr. Pinch-Hit Speaker, should do. The group which you face will understand that you are substituting, that you haven't had adequate notice, and they will appreciate it if you go right into action and do your best.

— your Editor

